

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

FACED by the varying comments of the different governments on his treaty to outlaw war, Mr. Kellogg has done the wisest thing possible. He has maintained his text as it was, but has dealt with all the more important reservations in a new preamble to this text or in a note that has been sent with it to the Governments of the Great Powers, of the other signatories to the Locarno Agreements, and of the Dominions and India. The French, who have never concealed their dislike of the Kellogg treaty, have sought to make difficulties by pointing out that a preamble has not the same value in the eyes of international jurists as an article of the treaty. But as the Kellogg treaty makes no attempt to solve the problem as to whether the countries concerned or some outside international body must decide whether a war is one of "national policy" or of aggression, there is no real cause for alarm and the treaty will probably be signed without much further delay. Its text as it stands is of very little value; its importance as a means of facilitating co-operation between the United States and Europe is inestimable.

The Maxton-Cook "cave" has gained a recruit and lost a battle. The recruit is relatively unimportant—Mr. Wheatley, who has lately been far less prominent than of yore; the battle was important, because victory for the cave would have meant the end for the time being of one of the most hopeful movements that industry has known since the war. Nobody, however, expected the attack on the "Mond parleys" at the General Council of the Trade Union Congress to succeed; in the event the extremists mustered six votes to fifteen, with four of the five absentees known to agree with the majority. The parleys are therefore to go on. It would have been the more surprising—and the more disappointing—if the attack had succeeded because the report before the Council of the progress of the conversations showed how real the advance has been. The range of discussion has been wide, including nationalization and the gold standard as well as purely "domestic" issues such as victimization and trade union recognition. The biggest project, from which much is hoped, is the formation of a joint industrial council representing employers and men, to which, on a purely voluntary basis, disputes can be referred. On the employers' side the conversations are quite unofficial, but



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the groups represented by Lord Melchett are so influential that any conclusions they may reach must carry great weight with the official employers' organizations.

The suggestion made by Sir John Redmayne that the coal industry could be rescued from its plight by applying the Trade Facilities Act to its swooning body is worth examining. In the course of his proposal he gives some interesting facts. The average price of the saleable proportion of the coal produced in Great Britain in 1913 was 10s. 2d. per ton with an average estimated working cost of 8s. In 1927 the average price had advanced to no more than 14s. 7.34d. per ton, but the average cost had leapt up to 15s. 7.05d. Our share both of the world's output and of the world's export trade has declined, coal is too dear and the cost of producing it is too high. These are facts everybody knows. Sir John Redmayne deduces from them that successful competitive marketing and low production costs are the key to the problem. Cheaper coal means greater demand for coal: therefore, he argues, there must be more economical production rather than a continued enhancement of selling price. This can only be done by amalgamation on a national scale *plus* reorganization, with the introduction of modern plant, which the owners cannot afford. He therefore proposes the extension of the Trade Facilities Act to the mines, so as to allow of the necessary changes being made. The Government are to give the credit that the banks refuse.

The plan sounds simple and is more attractive, certainly, than the only obvious alternative applicable on a national scale—restriction of output and price control. The experience of the rubber market does not invite emulation of the restriction policy. The most immediately obvious objection to Sir John Redmayne's plan is that it entails an extension of State aid, and its extension, moreover, to an industry in which the employers have vehemently denied the need or the right of the State to interfere. If the State is to afford help to the industry it must have some say in the manner in which the industry is controlled, so as to see that its money is not misused. Would the owners agree to such a thing, even if it were right for them to do so? Furthermore the plan presupposes a continued increase in the world demand for coal, a premiss which is not unassailable. Cheap supply does create demand, but not beyond a certain point which may have been reached or be near at hand with increasing competition from other kinds of fuel.

There will be some regret that the late Speaker has declined a peerage, although it would obviously be absurd to wish him to accept what he would rather not have. A gift intended as a reward must not be enforced as a penalty. All the same, the House of Lords would have been the richer for his experienced and conciliatory judgment, particularly when it had to debate industrial matters. Mr. Whitley's decision to remain a commoner has revived discussion of the proposal

to create life peerages. There is a good deal to be said for the idea. The Upper Chamber, short of substantial reorganization—which it will evidently not get from the present Government, and if not from them, then from whom?—would benefit considerably from the infusion of new blood transmitted on account of its virility. Of late the Lords have noticeably enhanced their reputation as a legislative assembly in the country, but if they are to retain and further to increase their prestige they can do with all the capable recruits they can get. Bestowal on the Crown of sanction to create life peers might so enrich and enliven their power as to remove the necessity for further reform, and at the same time might make the Upper Chamber so important—so well reported—that the brows of the F. E. Smiths would no longer chafe under the coronets of the Lord Birkenheads.

A few months ago M. Poincaré won a very comfortable majority at the general election; last week he had no difficulty in passing legislation to stabilize the franc at 124.21 to the pound. Despite this double success there is a possibility that by the time these lines appear in print he will have resigned. The ministerial declaration of policy contains several points with which the Radical Socialist Party finds it difficult to agree, although three of its members, as ministers, have presumably helped to draw it up. Without Radical support M. Poincaré refuses to govern; therefore, unless M. Herriot can bridge the gulf for him, he will go. Difficulties of this sort have arisen at frequent intervals ever since the Radical Socialists began their policy of running with the Government and hunting with the Opposition. It is increasingly difficult to see why they should thus deliberately discredit themselves and menace stable government in France.

Germany's political difficulties have been unnecessarily prolonged. Herr Hermann Müller's Party won such a decided victory at the general elections that he should have had relatively little difficulty in forming a government. But he went the wrong way about it. His attempts to obtain a pledge of unqualified support from all the possible members of a coalition have met with the failure which he might have anticipated for them. Opposition from the People's Party has wrecked his scheme for a "Grand Coalition"; a possible alternative, a "Weimar Coalition" (i.e., one including the Centre Party, the Democrats, the Socialists and the Bavarian People's Party) would have too small a majority to be stable. He is therefore now doing what he should have done at the beginning—cutting across parties and choosing personalities. A ministry built on this pattern will include Herr Stresemann as Foreign Minister, Dr. Wirth as Vice-Chancellor, Herr Severing, who as Prussian Minister of the Interior has played an invaluable part in strengthening the Republic, and several other moderate or Left leaders. It may be taken for granted that where these politicians go their parties will follow. It is the shortest way out of the maze.

It might have been hoped that the dangerous crisis which has arisen as a result of the attack in the Yugoslav Chamber on M. Stephen Raditch and the murder of two of his supporters would have made the Serbs realize that there are real causes for Croat discontent. As a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the Croats enjoyed a very considerable measure of autonomy. In the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes they are definitely relegated to a back seat, although their general level of culture is far higher than that to be found in other parts of the Triune Kingdom. This alone is a matter which obviously should be remedied. Had the Government immediately resigned to show its appreciation of the gravity of the attack on the Croat deputies, a better understanding between Belgrade and Zagreb might have been possible. Instead, the belief in Croatia is widespread that the Government deliberately encouraged M. Raditch to commit murder. If the one ambition of the Yugoslavs were to facilitate Italian penetration in the Balkans, they could not do better than continue these domestic quarrels.

The concession made by the Simon Commission to the easily ruffled *amour propre* of the Indian members of the Legislatures may not be easily defensible on principle, since responsibility for the future of India rests on the British Parliament and cannot be shared. But the close and amicable association of Indian legislators with the Commission is obviously desirable, and we need not look curiously into the methods by which it is secured. It may be that the left wing of Indian Nationalists will now find some other excuse for urging boycott of the Commission, some other pretext for describing it as a slight on India's dignity; but all reasonable Indians must now see that Sir John Simon and his colleagues are willing to go far in conciliation. The enquiry, which is about to enter on its second stage, will be carried on henceforth with less friction. Whether it will result in proposals equally acceptable to Parliament and to the out-and-out home rulers in India is another question. Let us meanwhile be satisfied that irrelevant and ill-founded allegations against the enquiring body will be less often heard.

The battle for the Foundling site still rages, but economic necessity must soon bring it to a close. If it ends in defeat for the defenders, London will have lost a lovely and historic backwater which is, incidentally, as good a piece of town planning as anyone could wish to see; and the Children's Hospital will have lost through lack of public support an opportunity that will not be given it again in London of obtaining quiet and suitable quarters. Some recognition is due to Sir Arthur du Cros for the patience he has shown to those who are trying to save the site, even if that patience is not unconnected with anxiety regarding the commercial success of his own plans. The struggle has now resolved itself into an ordinary affair of bargaining, the difference in cash value between the sum offered and the sum demanded being £120,000. Sir Arthur will

not agree to submit the value of the site to arbitration. There is, of course, nothing to compel him to do so any more than there was anything to compel the mine owners, for example, to submit to arbitration their dispute with the miners two years ago, though they suffered morally by refusing. We are not suggesting that the instances are parallel, but only that the act of refusal raises questions in suspicious minds. One hopeful new suggestion has been put forward, and it has been put forward by Sir Arthur himself. He suggests that the Governors of the Foundling Hospital, who cannot have lost by their flit to the country, should mark their gratitude for that transaction, their concern for the site they have abandoned, and their continuance in the tradition of their charitable founder by themselves contributing towards the £120,000 that is wanted. Without desiring to interfere in the financial affairs of a body with whose circumstances we are not familiar, we would commend this proposal to their attention.

Slow bowling, unfamiliar light and too great a sense of the importance of the occasion were disastrous to the batting of the West Indians in their first Test match against England. It was a great disappointment to all lovers of cricket whom they had captivated by their display in the field on the first day. Had they had a little more luck then (and it would not have been unfair if they had got three wickets down before lunch instead of only one) they would have made a much better fight of it. But they are rapidly accustoming themselves to English conditions, and may give us a run for our money. The performance of the English side, though creditable enough, does not look over-promising for the Australian tour this winter. They will find their bowling probably inferior to that of the West Indians, but batting a good deal superior. If we could take two or three of the West Indian bowlers with us, our prospects would be very different.

The Sumerian exhibits just open to the public in the Assyrian Room of the British Museum are very spectacular. They are the treasures from the Royal Tombs of Chaldean Ur, and many of the "finds" are superior in craftsmanship to anything of later and cruder Sumerian artistry. The finds were dramatic, for the potentates of Ur, the birth-place of Abraham, took the cream of their court with them into the next world—harpers, soldiers, charioteers, cupbearers, dancers and retinue—and more than fifty of them were apparently slaughtered in cold blood to preserve the royal pair from feeling lonely and *déclassé* in Paradise. It is extraordinary that the claims of Egypt to represent a far higher civilization than was ever achieved on the Asiatic mainland should be ignored by fashionable archaeology to-day in the face of this raw barbarism. The Egyptians modelled Ushabti figures in order to make the Blessed Fields of Ialu safe from democracy. Except for one reign in the first dynasty they were too squeamish for the literalism of the monarchs of Ur. Is it not time that ancient civilizations were revalued without the Asiatic complex distorting our vision?



## A HA'P'ORTH O' TAR

THE debate on the ex-Speaker's pension this week was debased to a mere exhibition of envy of wealth slightly above the middle station and of maudlin sentiment over the existence of poverty. Surely, if poverty is an argument for reducing the pension of a servant of Parliament it is also an argument against members having a good dinner or wearing well-cut coats. The decline in the value of money and the increase of taxation have already reduced the real value of the pension to be given to Mr. Whitley to perhaps two-fifths of that given to Mr. Speaker Brand when he retired, and one had hoped that if there was to be any opposition to the pension it would have been on broad lines and have raised the whole question of Ministerial salaries.

Everything that could be said of the Speaker's salary and pensions applies with equal force to the emoluments of the Prime Minister and of some other members of the Government, and, perhaps one ought to add, of High Court judges. The salary of a principal Minister was fixed at a time when every Minister was supposed to have a large private income, and when money was worth three or four times its present value. It was fixed at what was then a high rate to place the Minister above the reach of temptation or financial worry, and it was adequate for that purpose. Now our Ministers are drawn very largely from the middle professional and even the industrial classes; the work has increased greatly, the expenses of office have gone up; and a political career from being well paid by comparison with others is one of the worst paid. The Prime Minister not only has no chance of saving while he is in office, but his salary does not, in most cases, cover the actual expenses of his office. The question now is not whether the State can afford to pay adequate remuneration, but whether it can afford not to, and the House of Commons is grossly remiss in its duty not to have raised and settled the whole question of Ministerial salaries and pensions long ago with a single regard to the public interest. As things stand it runs the risk of spoiling the Ship of State for a ha'p'orth o' tar.

A pension is given to the Speaker because it is thought improper that so high an officer should go out into the open market at the end of his term. If it is improper for the Speaker, it is even more improper for an ex-Prime Minister. The Lord Chancellor when he is not in office has a pension of £5,000 a year, which he earns by sitting as judge in the Supreme Court, and it is given him as a right because he cannot go back to his old practice at the bar. What is an ex-Prime Minister to do who has enjoyed only half the salary in office, has spent it all and more on his expenses, and has no pension? Mr. Lloyd George solved the problem by turning journalist and writing articles, almost the sole value of which was that they were written by an ex-Prime Minister. He made more money in a year out of his office after he had left it than he made all the time that he was in it. Other ex-Ministers, ex-Viceroy, and important Civil Servants have met the disturbance of values since the war by managing newspapers or by going into the City.

The war brought Civil Servants and business men into close association, and the City was astonished at the immense amount of ability given to the service of the State for rewards which by the standards of the City were ridiculously small. Ever since it has been in competition with the Civil Service for its best men; the State is usually the loser, and is liable, just when they have reached their maturity, to lose the services of men of the adventurous and creative type of mind.

These are facts that have to be faced and it ill becomes the Labour Party of all parties to consent to a less efficient standard for the service of the State than for private interests. It may be that in a Socialist state, such as Mr. Shaw writes about, all salaries will be equal, and the men who do the best and most important work will take their extra payment in the honour and glory. There is much to be said for the monastic ideal with its vow of poverty in the service of the State. But, as no one recognizes more clearly than Mr. Shaw, you cannot mix the competitive and the monastic ideals. Until such time as a new order of society can be brought about the business of the State must offer rewards that are commensurate with those of private business. These rewards need not be purely or mainly financial, for there is a limit to the sums that the State can offer in competition, but some equivalent there must be. And the first condition of any efficient service to the State is that it must put its servants above financial worry. There are some Secretaryships of State in which the salary is net gain without deduction on account of expenses; and there are other offices, notably the Prime Minister's and the Speaker's, in which the incidental expenses make it impossible to live on the salary, let alone save for the future. No one who is worried over his financial future can do his best work.

It has been suggested that instead of raising salaries certain abatements from taxation should be given. That is a wholly bad principle. Ministers who are concerned in taxing the country ought themselves to feel the consequences of that taxation. The present system under which members' salaries are in effect exempted from income tax is bad, and it would be thoroughly dangerous if their £400 a year were their sole or their main income. The mistake must not be repeated in the case of Ministers. For an allowance for expenses there is more to be said, but these allowances, if they are unlimited, tend to extravagance, and if they are limited would be better added to the salary.

The first result of this change would be that Ministerial salaries would become unequal, and that those Ministers who had heavy expenses incidental to their office would have their salaries fixed on a higher scale. But that need not disturb the hierarchy of office any more than the fact that an Attorney-General usually earns two or three times as much money as any other member of the Cabinet makes him the most important member of the Government. But even more important than the salary during office is the provision for the period after leaving office. It does not seem unreasonable to fix the pension of any Prime Minister at £5,000 a year so long



as he remains in active politics. That is the pension of a Lord Chancellor, and if he can be said to earn it by serving as a judge, an ex-Prime Minister may also earn his pension by effective and authoritative criticism of the Government. After all, the leadership of the Opposition is just as important an instrument of government as the Cabinet itself.

### THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

WHO are we, after all, that we should hold aloof from those enquiries and tests which enliven, which used to enliven, August and are now initiated before June is quite ended? In the Johnsonian circle, or at any rate in Boswell's picture of it, there is a person, almost too good to be true, who said that he too had tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness was always breaking in. We have tried to take the age seriously, but something, perhaps not in actual life but at least in the popular prints, was always breaking in; and it would be abominably superior to pretend that the intrusion was always unwelcome. Undoubtedly, life is real, life is earnest, but mild heaven condemns that care, though wise in show, which disdains such enquiries, trivial though they may seem, as that into the whereabouts of the dead, and such competitions as are to result in the discovery of those among the readers of a certain evening paper who have brains.

Each season of the year has its own duties for the conscientious, and at this time it is incumbent on all right-minded persons to put aside graver matters and ponder such questions as that of the survival of the soul. This particular question, not unnaturally, has engaged the attention of men and women from time to time through the ages. Even before there were papers and a silly season, persons at a loss for subjects of conversation have asked each other whether death is an ending or a beginning.

What is new is not the question but the spirit in which it is approached. For our forefathers were unable to take the matter with the proper lightness of heart. They were not registered readers, and when one of them passed out of this world his dependants were often too exercised about the problem of ways and means to spend much time in speculation about his spiritual survival and condition. To-day matters are very different. Unless a man has been so perverse as to reject all the public prints and live without news, his decease, in any of the circumstances described in print somewhat smaller, and in a temper less recklessly benevolent, than that of the headlines of the offer, puts his family in a state of affluence in which its members may easily find leisure for meditation on the whereabouts of the former registered reader. When living, he may have

been, despite a certain aptitude for cross-word puzzles, of no great financial benefit to his family; but by his death, so that it was within the conditions in small print and not in foolish reliance on the caption, he has done much for widow and children. Politeness requires that they should ask about his present situation. And of whom should they enquire but of the sympathetic source of their blood money?

Of old, had they made any such enquiry, they would have had a dogmatic answer from just one quarter. But now, with the Press as answer-all, they can have a variety. For the Press, though ready to speak editorially *ex cathedra* on matters of urgent concern, rightly prefers in such other matters as these to hire a number of authorities. The question, where father really is, obviously is one for reference to a kind of jury. A spokesman is drawn from each of the major religious sects existing in this country, and then to give balance there is added a female novelist, a scientist, a casually collected atheist, some personage who has been in the news. This jury is not required to agree, but the opinions of its several members have weight and yet leave the enquirers free to indulge their private fancies. And presently the season for such things is over, and everyone can return to the real business of life.

The superior may sniff. But surely it is right that once a year, between two spells of grappling with the grim problems of our complex modern world, men and women should relax over these old questions of whence and whither. There is much in the world to admonish us against a perpetual seriousness. Relaxations also have their place in any sane scheme of life. And even the austere papers may be allowed, at this time of year, to "feature" immortality, to invite letters from Paterfamilias, A Regular Reader, and the rest, in justification of the ways of the Deity to man.

To be sure, the letters do not often tell us very much that is both new and valuable about the matters with which they deal. The wisdom which a paradoxical Creator has caused to issue on occasion from the mouths of babes and sucklings does not often come from the pens of writers of letters to the editor. But they tell us a good deal about their writers; and that is knowledge which in a democratic age it is desirable for us to have. They also tell us a good deal about the papers that publish them. They serve other purposes too, and are accompanied by an increase of circulation secured much more economically than it could be if sought through enlargement of the news service or the employment of more or better professional writers. In short, there is a very good case for the journalistic enterprise which in its wide scope turns once a year to such matters also.

It may be that there is sometimes a certain cheapening of what the old fashioned regarded as sacred mysteries, but we really cannot have things both ways, and if all questions are to be referred to a plebiscite, why, they must be discussed under the conditions governing the popular vote. Moreover, we must not be so unreasonable as to expect papers, organs of publicity, to promote private meditation and

discussions which would not add a single reader to the host of their supporters. For ourselves, we are not squeamish; and we think it a sign of progress that Big Business should regard cross-examination of the Almighty as a paying recreation.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

THE House is never so depressed or depressing as when it is discussing coal. To fight an economic crisis depending on world conditions with legislative weapons seems like trying to stem the tide with a bucket, and when the mutual suspicions of owners and miners become ammunition for party warfare it is as if the bucket had a hole in it. Last Thursday Commodore King opened a discussion on the estimates of the Mines Department by surveying some of its activities, and especially by appealing for co-operation in preventing accidents. But even a casual suggestion that miners were sometimes to blame for ignoring safety regulations was greeted as an insult by some of the Labour Party. Mr. George Hall, however, showed that others of its members can think as well as vituperate. He made the interesting observation that amalgamations in the coalfields were more in the nature of absorptions and he deplored the disappearance of old family businesses and the growth of inhuman limited companies.

Mr. Runciman, as usual, dealt in concrete facts. Why, he asked, could not the Government devote larger sums to scientific research, especially if they did not mind spending millions on subsidizing beet sugar? Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister retorted that everything possible was being done in this direction, and observed that he had not previously noticed any particular enthusiasm among the Liberals for financial assistance to industries. He lamented the handicap of reparation coal agreements, such as that recently concluded between Germany and Italy, on the export trade, but pointed out that beyond diplomatic representations, which had been ineffectively made, nothing could be done. Mr. Geoffrey Ellis, whose contributions on this subject are always worth hearing, emphasized the difficulties of exporters faced by a Government-subsidized industry such as the Polish, and defended the operation of the "five counties scheme" by saying that it was beginning to make headway in this market. Finally, Mr. Hartshorn confessed that both owners and miners were on their beam ends, and so the debate ended in the usual way with the Opposition asserting that it was all the Government's fault, and the Government replying that it was not.

On Friday the passage of the Slaughter of Animals (Scotland) Bill paved the way to the introduction of the humane killer throughout Great Britain. The only opposition came from Mr. Macquisten, who was voicing the apprehensions of bother, expense and waste felt by trade interests. His attempt to exclude sheep and calves from the Bill went rather flat when Major Elliot told him that as drafted the amendment would only apply to sheep under three months old (a limit only meant to concern calves). Before this, however, his irrepressible buffoonery had convinced the House that his case was not to be taken very seriously. He asked Members to believe that the constant firing of a pistol would shatter the delicate nerves of the slaughtermen, and then affected a sentimental aversion from what he claimed to be an even crueller method of execution than throat-cutting. A pathetic picture of himself as a youth winning the affection of

his lambs, so that each answered to its name, only to lure them to their death (to save them being chivied by dogs) by summoning them one by one to execution sounded like a curious jumble of a Nursery Rhyme and the 'Walrus and the Carpenter.'

Forced marches in the face of heavy gas attacks have been required to break the back of the Committee Stage of the Finance Bill. On Monday the tea duty and the petrol tax were disposed of. The tea duty has not been altered and was discussed for over two hours on the appropriate Budget resolution; yet the House had to submit for another two and a half hours to what could only be a repetitive performance. But such is our financial procedure! Petrol, of course, raised more immediate issues, but the efforts of various interests to secure exemption were all unsuccessful, except for the prospect held out to the fishing industry of a concession at a later stage. Mr. Churchill agreed with Mr. Snowden that certain bus companies had been guilty of gross profiteering in making the tax an excuse for an extortionate rise in fares, but repudiated the suggestion that the burden would be appreciably felt by the class of person to whom buses are a locomotive necessity.

On Tuesday the main items were the reduction of the sugar duty, the tax on mechanical lighters, which puts them on a level with matches, and the safeguarding duties on buttons and enamelled hollowware. Mr. Churchill showed keen resentment at the repetition of the allegation that he had conspired with the sugar refiners to manipulate the market so as to make the reduction in the price of sugar illusory. He admitted a leakage of information which had caused a big rise in sugar-refining shares, but explained that it was not from official sources nor from the beneficiaries, but from others who had had to be consulted. He said he had very nearly withdrawn his proposals as a consequence. He absolutely denied both the suggestion and the evidence of a price-rigging conspiracy. Mr. Snowden, however, while disclaiming personal insinuations, refused to withdraw his allegation, and the discussion left a bitter taste behind it. Fairly early in the evening it became clear that the House was in for a prolonged sitting, but the monotony of fiscal argument was, as usual on these occasions, relieved by the outbursts of hilarity to which the House is liable in the small hours. About 5.30 a.m. Mr. Churchill moved to postpone the clause altering the super-tax so that it could be taken at a more reasonable hour, but the Opposition were quick to take this chance of obstruction, alleging an undue deference where the rich were concerned. After more than an hour had been wasted on the point, Mr. Churchill's motion was carried, whereupon Mr. Dalton moved to postpone Clause 14 on the grounds that it was just as important. It was clear that no immediate progress was now likely, and the House therefore decided to adjourn just after seven o'clock.

When the House resumed in the afternoon it began by voting the usual pension to the late Speaker in spite of protests from the Labour Party, which called forth a stinging rebuke from Col. John Ward, now a rare participator in debate. It then passed to the complex questions of the new fixed debt charge arrangements, the suspensory fund to pay for the rating relief scheme, the income tax and super-tax clauses left over from the morning, and the betting tax.

FIRST CITIZEN



## RURAL PROBLEMS

## VIII—THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

FOR five years I have been a pessimist about agriculture; I cannot bring myself to believe that the people of this country will ever tax their food for the benefit of a 7 per cent. minority, or even that it would be ultimately advantageous if they did. The history of subsidies and other artificial methods of Government interference with prices is not reassuring in the light of previous experiments with corn, rubber and coal. But in the last three months I have been rapidly changing into an optimist. I believe that we are through the worst, that the bottom has been touched, and that provided no disaster such as another war overtakes us farming will improve through healthy, natural causes.

Agricultural depression has not been confined to this country, but has been world-wide. Agriculturists everywhere have been producing more or less at a loss for seven years; no one will or can produce permanently at a loss, and there are signs that prices are on the rise because production has been for so long unprofitable. Prices are also rising because demand is increasing. When two such experts as Sir Daniel Hall and Sir Henry Rew differ as to whether the increase in world population is noticeable enough as yet to increase demand, it would be rash for me to say that growing population is a factor; but there is no doubt that extending cities are decreasing the agricultural area, and also that the numbers of those who eat bread is on the increase both in India and China. In China things have been held back by the civil war, but if they settle down there, as now seems more likely, the change over in that country from rice-eating to wheat-eating will certainly be accelerated. The populations of India and China are so enormous that an improvement in their economic conditions that would enable them to become extensive bread-eaters might tax the world's wheat-growing areas to their utmost. The key to arable farming in England may easily lie in the East.

Beef and mutton production has also been in a bad way, largely because of the South American meat war. This also cannot last for ever, and though talk of its end has turned out to be nothing more than rumour, signs are not wanting that both sides are wearying of the foolish struggle. Another hopeful aspect is that the world is tiring of wars and preparations for war. If everyone had all the food that he or she needed, this would make little difference; but the majority of the world's population can only have the amount of food it can afford. Even in England the majority of people are probably living on insufficient food. Up to the present the buying power of everyone has been reduced by the money they have had to contribute in paying for old wars or preparing for new ones. If the League of Nations, Locarno and the Kellogg Note mean anything, they mean that we shall be able to spend less in the future on armaments, and be less likely to be further impoverished by repetitions of 1914. How deeply that war, with its consequent struggle to return to the gold standard at the expense of industry, affected agriculture all over the world is clearly shown by Mr. Dampier-Whetham's brilliant paper recently read to the Farmers' Club and now available in printed form.

Another world-wide tendency is for wage-earners to receive a greater share of the profits of industry. This also will benefit agriculturists in that a proportion of the money will be spent on buying more of the food that they produce.

As regards England in particular, science and research have not stood still during the depression; rather have they been stimulated by it. We have improved our breeds of cereals, found methods of

making grass land 33 per cent. more productive and devised a new system of open-air dairying which, in the right conditions, makes dairying an exceedingly profitable undertaking. Up and down the country there are farmers whose resource is enabling them to make farming pay even in these lean years. The chief difficulty has been to get this increase in knowledge disseminated.

Even here there is an improvement. Most years I attend eight or ten agricultural shows, and this year I have noticed a far greater interest given to their educational side, and particularly to demonstrations in saner methods of marketing. It is a fact of rural psychology that should have been recognized years ago that the spoken or written word carries little conviction to the countryman. What he likes is to see tangible objects like pigs, apples or eggs, with which he is familiar, and be shown ocularly how a marketing scheme would deal with them and why it would bring him more money if they were so marketed. The Ministry of Agriculture is running three of these demonstrations at the shows this year—eggs and poultry, bacon and fruit—and where exhortations to co-operate have failed, these demonstrations are gradually succeeding.

These facts can hardly be called prophecies; they exist and results must naturally follow unless unexpected and stronger facts, such as war, revolution or any national catastrophe that would bring universal impoverishment again, suddenly arises to offset them. Prophecy is a gratuitous and usually foolish indulgence, and is necessarily an entirely personal view. But *παντα ρει*, and it is unlikely that agriculture will undergo no more drastic changes in the next half-century. For those who like playing with these ideas of the future, my personal belief is that we are on the threshold of an electrical age which will revolutionize our industrial arrangements. In a generation or two, I believe that cheap electric power will be available throughout the length and breadth of the land, and then the 200-1,500 acre farm will pass out as being uneconomic. Even to-day the farmer who can properly supervise 1,500 acres could equally well administer 3,000, and the proportionate cost per acre of machinery, buildings and labour for 500 acres is far higher than for 1,500 and higher still than for 5,000. When crops can be electrically dried, soil electrified to make it more fertile and the cheap and swift operations of electricity substituted for the expensive and slow operations of men and horses, I believe that we shall have farms of 3,000 acres upwards worked by gangs of skilled agricultural mechanics and with electrical machinery. Mr. Borlase Matthews has already given some indication of what can be done with electricity on the farm, even at its present prohibitive price and with its undeveloped possibilities.

Concurrently with these large farms we may see a great extension of small-holdings and market gardening, and for this reason: when power, in the form of electricity, is as available and cheap in the rural districts as power in other forms now is in the towns, the factories will move out into the country away from the expensive, dirty, unhygienic and uncongenial surroundings that they now suffer. But the factory workers will need fruit, vegetables, eggs, poultry and all the things the small man, farming intensively, is better able to produce than the big farmer. This demand, therefore, may create colonies of small-holders living in small-holding belts round the ruralized factories, whom they will be well situated to supply with fresh produce at a reasonable price. Much good to both sides would come from this mingling of town and country.

To some this picture may seem revolting, but chiefly, I think, because they will make the mistake of visualizing the hideousness of factory-town conditions transplanted wholesale to the country, whereas the chief object of the move would be to abolish those conditions.



## THE MEMOIRS OF DR. BENES

CONTEMPORARY history contains few examples of men who have enhanced the reputation which they acquired during the war. Generals who yesterday were regarded as geniuses are now remembered more for their mistakes than for their successes, while under the fierce light of publicity and indiscreet revelations to which they have been subjected politicians have suffered an even greater degradation. A striking exception to this is Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, who has served his country uninterruptedly as Foreign Minister since the formation of the Czech National Council in February, 1916.

In the midst of his multitudinous official activities Dr. Benes has now found time to complete his memoirs.\* This monumental work, which has just been published in German and in Czech, will appear shortly in an English translation. Although it is perhaps too long and too technical for the average English reader, there is one part which reads more like romance than history and which, even in the calm, dispassionate words of the most rational of European diplomats, is more enthralling than an Edgar Wallace novel. That part is the first section in which Dr. Benes describes the early war struggles of the Czechs and his own remarkable rise to power.

Dr. Edward Benes was born on May 28, 1884, at Kozlany, a little village in Bohemia, where his father was a peasant. In spite of his poverty the father was able to send his son to the gymnasium and later to the Czech university in Prague. Here the young Benes first came under the influence of Professor Masaryk, who persuaded him after his first year as a Prague student to take his degree at some foreign university. In 1905, therefore, he set out for Paris, where he proposed to study philology with a view to returning to Prague as a professor of that subject. His inborn interest in politics, however, and the necessity of gaining his daily bread forced him to adopt the profession of journalism, and in order to extend his field of knowledge he studied law, political economy, sociology, and philosophy. Through the hardships which he endured in Paris, where his early sympathies were drawn towards Socialism, he acquired a practical view of life and that iron self-discipline which has made him one of the most strenuous workers in the world.

Even in those days the idea of liberating his own people was always present in his mind, and it is characteristic of his life's ambition that the thesis which in 1908 secured him his degree of doctor at the University of Dijon should have been entitled 'The Austrian Problem and the Czech Question: A Study of the Political Struggles of the Czech Nationalities in Austria.' He completed his career as a student by a visit of several months' duration to London and Berlin. In England our constitutional liberty and our religious tolerance made a lasting impression on his mind, but the military strength and the organized discipline of the German people inspired him with mixed feelings in which admiration was overshadowed by fear.

His views on the European situation at that period make interesting reading to-day. He regarded a war between England and Germany as "highly probable, if indeed not inevitable." He noted, however, that the idea of a war of revenge for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine was definitely unpopular with the vast majority of Frenchmen. He foresaw, too, the vast social upheaval which a European war must entail, and for that reason he could not imagine that two countries with such a weak internal situation as Austria and Russia would ever dare to go to war. In 1908 he returned to Prague, where he was appointed Professor

of Economics at the Academy of Commerce and later lecturer on sociology at the University of Prague.

When the war broke out he never hesitated. Although their sympathies were with the Serbs and the Russians, many of his compatriots adopted a waiting attitude. They had never envisaged the possibility of an independent Czech State and at that period the height of their political ambition did not extend beyond a demand for home rule inside a federal Austria. Dr. Benes, however, was not to be found among these opportunists. From the first moment he attached himself to Professor Masaryk, who had already made up his mind that even at the risk of a victory of the Central Powers, the Czechs must adopt an active policy if they were to reap any political advantages from the war. Always a profound admirer of the Anglo-Saxon race, Masaryk based all his hopes on an English victory and he had no difficulty in converting the Francophile Benes to his point of view. Like Masaryk, too, Dr. Benes was a determined opponent of the Pan-Slav policy of Dr. Kramar and a convinced sceptic regarding Russia, "in whose success he never believed." In the flat of Dr. Boucek, to-day the legal adviser of the British Legation in Prague, were sown the first seeds of that secret propaganda organization, which later, under the name of the "Maffia," was to undermine the very foundations of the Habsburg monarchy.

Of this society Dr. Benes was the youngest and most active member. A remarkable system of espionage in which the numerous Czechs employed in the Austrian civil service played a leading part was elaborated, and through the agency of the Czech servant of the Austrian Minister of the Interior, the "Maffia" came into possession of the most secret documents of the Austrian Government. The courier who made the hazardous journeys between Prague and Vienna in order to collect these documents was the future Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia. On Saturdays he travelled to Dresden to take delivery of the parcels of English newspapers which Professor Seton-Watson had arranged to send to that city. When, too, in December, 1914, Professor Masaryk, who had gone to Italy to perfect his scheme for foreign propaganda, wished to return to Prague, it was Dr. Benes who, again informed of Vienna's intentions, was able to send him a warning that, if he crossed the frontier, he would be arrested. Masaryk, therefore, betook himself to Switzerland, and for the next nine months Dr. Benes was his link with Prague. During this period Dr. Benes undertook more than one dangerous voyage to Switzerland. There he had numerous discussions with his former professor, including one historic conversation on the Kussnacht road, at the spot where Tell shot down the tyrant Gessler, in the course of which the two men built their plans for the future Czechoslovak State, even envisaging the possibility of a Czech monarchy with Prince Arthur of Connaught as king.

From these journeys Dr. Benes brought back to Prague a mass of anti-German literature and also ciphered drafts of Masaryk's proposals. Adopting the principle that "the darkest place is where the light is brightest," he took no elaborate precautions, but, leaving his books and papers, intermingled with a liberal supply of patriotic German literature, on the seat of his coupé and telling the Austrian official to "look for himself," he made his way unscathed through the frontier control. The risks he ran were very great, and detection would have meant immediate death. So great was the fear of agents provocateurs among the conspirators that more than one Czech, who was the intended recipient of a secret despatch from Masaryk, refused to accept the message.

Great difficulties arose, too, over the secret names which the conspirators were forced to adopt and which were not known outside the small circle of the "Maffia." Masaryk's pseudonym was Hradecky,

\* 'Der Aufstand der Nationen.' Von Edvard Benes. Berlin. Bruno Cassirer Verlag.

perhaps an unintentional symbol of his future occupation of the imperial residence in the Prague Hrad. Dr. Benes, who was known as Spolny and later as Leblanc, was in a peculiarly difficult situation, because one of the secret couriers of the "Maffia" was also called Benes. His narrowest escape, however, was on May 20, 1915, when he was nearly trapped by the police at a secret meeting of the "Maffia" in the flat of Dr. Samal, the present Chancellor of the Republic. He escaped, but he decided that the time had come for him to flee the country.

Through the activities of his brother, who had gone to America to raise money for the Czech revolutionaries, Dr. Benes was already a marked man. His friends had prepared a plan of escape for him through Rumania to Russia. Had it been put into effect the map of Europe might have to-day a different aspect. Dr. Benes, however, had no wish to go to Russia, and, as the scheme in itself was highly dangerous, he gladly accepted the offer of a Czech military doctor to lend him his uniform and to assist him across the Bavarian frontier. He had a last interview with his wife, in which he begged her even to divorce him rather than fall into the hands of the Austrian police—Madame Benes was subsequently arrested and thrown into the common prison in Vienna together with criminals and prostitutes—and on September 2, 1915, with the Austrian police hot on his tracks, he slipped across the frontier at Eger and made his way safely to Professor Masaryk in Switzerland. He was not to see his native land again until September 24, 1919, when, fresh from his successes at Versailles and Saint-Germain, welcomed by the whole Government and a special delegation of Parliament, and acclaimed by the cheering masses of his compatriots, he made his triumphant entry into his new capital as the Foreign Minister of an independent Czechoslovakia.

The story of his war activities in Paris, his arrest by the English authorities as a spy, his efforts to overcome the ignorance of the Allies and to win their support for his plan for the destruction of the Habsburg monarchy, his anxiety when at the last moment the cup of success was almost dashed from his lips by the Allies, who in March, 1918, might have sacrificed the Czechs for a separate peace with Austria, and his final triumph, is too long to be told here. That triumph and the success of the Czech revolution he ascribes "not to the Tsar's appeal on behalf of the Slavs, not to the Czech legions who fought against the Bolsheviks, nor yet to President Wilson's ultimatum to Austria, but to the fact that from the first days of the war we gauged correctly the probable development of events in Europe." With this verdict future historians will probably agree.

R. H. B. L.

## OBEISANCE TO BLACKPOOL

BY IVOR BROWN

IT was the opening day of the Blackpool season and we were going to see the Blackpool Follies of 1928. But we never did see them, though I am sure they were gay, witty, beautiful and most tremendously meet to be seen. I am also sure that at Blackpool nobody ever does see what he means to see. The whole place is too interruptive; it catches your eye and pulls your sleeve and whisks you here and there. This is none of your grim towns where a man is chained to his purpose, but a shore so genial and abounding, so vast and so various, that it becomes impossible to distinguish between one palace of pleasure and another. Amid this terrific acreage of animated hospitality there is no halting here or tarrying there because of some privy

time-table sketched out at breakfast-time. Blackpool sucks you in as by a conduit and then takes command.

But first a word as to the conduit. The road from Preston cries Blackpool's pleasures from a hundred hoardings. It is the triumph of Blackpool that one does not resent these screamings and scribbings of bliss to come. The flats of the Fylde are dreadfully dull and graceless, and, when you notice that the cottages have their walls not only placarded but painted with news of Blackpool's novelties, you only want to laugh. One has to be very fussy to use scolding words like "deseccation" about the lugubrious levels behind Blackpool. Let posters be their posies. Even the most austere of sniffers at the democratic joys will find the tug of Blackpool working on him like the undercurrent which pulls one down a shelving beach. Should you take the southern conduit which sucks you in through prim St. Anne's you will be in love with the robust abundance of Blackpool even before you reach it. For St. Anne's, so near in fact and so far in spirit from the people's paradise along the shore, is most beautifully engaged in lifting the hem of its garment and in keeping its shoulders from being rubbed. On every road of its red-bricked villadom, that genteel study in scarlet, "chars-à-bancs" are most visibly prohibited. In Blackpool (and nearer home) we call them "char-à-bancs," regardless. But they have been to school at St. Anne's—or rather to academies for the sons and daughters of ladies and gentlemen—and they understand, even on the Town Council, the nice conduct of plurals in Gallic compounds. Thus, with a single letter in his sling, David shows himself to be quite the little gentleman in his defiance of the Philistine Goliath that sprawls across the region sands.

Now the conduit has done its work; we are engulfed. Round and about are Towers, Wheels, Big Dippers, Little Dippers, Noah's Arks, and all the scaffolding of entertainment. It is as though a baby-god had been playing Meccano and had left his structural litter on the shores of the Fylde. In front and around, however, there is order and cleanliness. Blackpool began as a waste of sand-dunes and has had to clamp down this Sahara by sitting squarely and forcibly on the wilderness of dust and "bents." By taking thought and building materials in equal and enormous quantities, the Town Councillors have occupied miles of this territory and consolidated all their positions. Here, they have cemented their victory; there, they have turned nature into a concrete proposition. If grass is to grow it must do so to order in a sunk garden or on a highly organized lawn. Where on the North Shore the dunes rise to some little height Blackpool commands them to be cliffs. Other resorts have cliffs; shall Blackpool be less than Dover, Llandudno, or Land's End? Cliffs, after all, are only bits of rocks, and bits of rock are purchasable, transportable matter. Accordingly Blackpool has faced and is still busy facing its dunes with rock and teaching nature a thing or two about the stratification most comfortable to holiday humans who want a place in the sun and about the proper distribution of boulders in the lay-out of nook and niche. What can one do but surrender to a city which sets out to make its own cliffs?

The victory has not been won over dunes only; the deep itself is kept at a decent distance and under tactful discipline. If you wish to become an oarsman you need not hazard yourself on tidal and turbulent waters. You attend upon the concessionaire of a boating-pool who provides (a) a strong wall to keep out the Irish Channel, (b) at sixpence for thirty minutes a flat-bottomed boat with handles which enable you to become a paddle-steamer in your own person, (c) a guarantee that the water is not more than eighteen inches deep. There is another pool in which the maximum depth is scheduled at twenty-one inches. At Blackpool, you see, all tastes are catered for. I have never been one to go roaring after wet sheets



and a wind that follows fast, and rowing I regard as a ridiculous form of sedentary labour, properly left to slaves by the gentry of the ancient world. But if one must go boating, let it be done in the Blackpool way, by turning a handle in unquestionable security. Behind that ocean wall there is as much peace as the density of population will allow. A huge and hospitable appeal is posted by the pool. "It is sheltered here. Come and be comfy." For those, like myself, who are weary of the wind on the heath, full fathom five, the salt foam breaking and other high poetical matters, these are indeed persuasive words. Yes, like Mr. Masfield, I must down to the seas again, but only where there is a guaranteed depth of eighteen inches.

Blackpool's attitude to nature is pure eighteenth-century. The thing may have to go on existing, but man's job is to improve on it. Concrete does not whirl about and get in your eyes and nose like the gritty surface of wind-blown dunes. Let there be concrete so that we may have all the ozone and none of the nuisance. Bathing is conducted, like boating, under proper architectural cover and conditions. The bathing-pool is a fine Augustan building which stands out in a serene classicism to face the baroque of the Big Dipper and other rococo lures of the Amusement Park. There are scheduled depths and a café and the sea is permitted to insert itself at requisite intervals for refreshment and renewal of the bathers' raw material. The visitor cannot make a pest of himself by getting drowned nor can the sea be even faintly disconcerting to the aquatic folk by reason of tempest or typhoon. A town which arranges its own cliffs can surely organize its own wash-pot. On, Blackpool, on.

Of all the virtues of this town I like most its willingness to please and its unquenchable gratitude for your patronage. In so many English resorts there seem to be nothing but frowns and grumbles and prohibitions from the station to the pier-head. The English inn is now commonly placarded with a thousand tyrannical threats and negations. Your immediate inclination is to slink away from so much scolding. But your Blackpool landlord roars across the wall, "You Are Welcome Here. Baby Guinness Fivepence." Indeed painters of signs and printers of placards seem here to specialize in the word "welcome." Furthermore, whenever you leave any of the halls of pleasure, you see written up alongside the word "Exit," "Thank you. Please Come Again."

The classic authorities on rhetoric used to demand fullness (*copia*) as an essential: there had to be lots of stuff in the real orator. Blackpool is abundant in just this way. It is the most copious city I have seen. Enter the Tower at "a bob a nob" and you are never finished with the resources of the place. You have no sooner seen the more repulsive of God's creatures goggling at you in the tanks of the aquarium than you are whirled on to zoos, roof-gardens, Moorish tea-rooms, and a ball-room of staggering grandeur and acreage. Curiously happy all the trippers appear, considering that it is happiness they seek. Even the policeman is smiling at his drudgery of traffic-direction and the kind of man who in Manchester or Leeds takes for granted his right to tread on your toes or elbow you off your feet will actually apologize in Blackpool. There are many to whom this will seem a miracle and incredible, but the copiousness of the town does actually extend even to good temper. Other places may have "long bars" in their hotels. In Blackpool you can measure bars by the furlong and smoke-rooms by the square mile. But do not unkindly suppose that it was a surveying expedition of this sort which kept me from my immediate duty of seeing one particular show. Blackpool, like any town which has but a single thought, is spectacle enough. One's eyes dazzle. I repeat that Blackpool is no place for a programme. The town takes off its coat and turns up its sleeves in the bustling service of pleasure. Accordingly you have to place yourself in Blackpool's hands and take what comes. It is sure to be copious.

## DEFAMATION

BY ROSE MACAULAY

MY attention has lately been attracted to the curiosities of the British law of libel. Not long ago I published a novel, in which one of the characters, a lady at the moment slightly fuddled and defending her whisky-drinking habits against her husband, enquired whether he would prefer her to drink a certain well-known nutritious infants' food, which she mentions by name. She tells him she will not drink this, as it makes babies fat and she is quite fat enough already. Neither, she goes on, will she drink tea, as that spoils the nerves; in fact, nothing does her good but alcoholic beverages. It seems that this passage in my book was read by the makers of the infants' food, for my publishers lately received a letter from the firm's solicitors, saying, "We must ask you to take the necessary steps to prevent the further publication of these defamatory words."

Several interesting questions are opened by this complaint. First, is it defamatory to say of a nourishing food that it nourishes, i.e., builds fat? Secondly, if the cult of thinness has reached a point where it is legally defamatory to say of an infant's food that it is fattening, is not the commentator guarded by the repeated published assertions to the same effect of the food's proprietors, who, in their advertising pamphlet on the subject, print a series of letters from mothers, nurses, and others in praise of this food, saying, "I have used two tins, and am happy to say baby is much improved and has got quite fat," and many other similar grateful comments? They even say it themselves, in letters to parents: "—will most certainly help to make healthy fat, as well as strong bone and muscle." May characters in novels not make comments which do but echo those of the makers of the goods commented on?

Thirdly, is there no such thing recognized by law as dramatic utterance? Is the author responsible for all the views expressed by the characters in his novels? This seems such an alarming state of things that I do not know how anyone dares to write novels at all. You could not, in that case, so much as make a colonel remark that Mr. A. J. Cook ought to be shot without laying yourself open to prosecution for incitement to crime. You could not make a teetotaler speak against a Martini, or a drinker against Cadbury's cocoa, or a dyspeptic against anyone's ice bricks. I do not know if it would make any difference if someone taking the opposite view were to contradict the statement; if, for instance, the husband of my fuddled lady had said, "No, the food you refer to makes babies thin" (but this might, for all I know, be another defamation; it would depend, I suppose, on whether the jury who gave judgment preferred infants plump or lean) or if a Communist should reply to the colonel, "I do not agree with you," or a school-boy to the dyspeptic, "For my part, I am not troubled by ice bricks in the way you mention." Or should the author always insert a parenthesis after such comments: e.g., "That food fattens babies," said Mrs. A. (falsely). "That fellow ought to be shot," spluttered the colonel (a very inaccurate man). "Cadbury's cocoa, indeed! Take it away, it makes me sick to look at it." (But not the author.) This rather troublesome method might or might not make a novelist safe both from legal processes and from the misapprehensions of readers and reviewers. For reviewers are too often as muddle-headed as commercial firms in this matter of saddling the author with the views of his fictional characters, not realizing how seldom he agrees with anything these beings say. I once, for instance, made a young lady, posing as a fast drinker, say, "Tea is a fool's drink." One of my reviewers gravely remonstrated, "Miss Macaulay is quite wrong about



tea, by the way, as Dr. Johnson (no fool) could have told her." Young ladies in novels are obviously supposed to be their author's mouthpieces. All too frequently reviewers say of an author, "He seems to think . . ." and then quote something which the novelist has put, as a characteristic speech, into someone's mouth. Some fiction writers have now dispensed, in despair, with inverted commas, seeing how small impression they make on the minds of some readers.

But this matters little. It is when the law is liable to be invoked that the matter becomes serious. A thousand perplexing questions arise for the ignorant concerning defamation. What is defamation? Published words injuring the reputation of another, I understand. If the owners of the infants' food in question should publish a statement that to read a book of mine was fattening, would that be defamatory? And to what extent are reviewers of books protected by the plea of "lawful occasion" in the utterance of defamatory words? Not altogether, one gathers, for from time to time an action is brought against a reviewer. A novelist once threatened an action against a newspaper in which I had reviewed a book of his, on the grounds that I had affirmed the characters in the book to be mad, whereas they were, in point of fact, sane. I believe, however, that his lawyers advised him that he had no case.

The law of libel and slander is an entertaining study. It seems to have been definitely established as actionable to say that a physician is a quack, that someone has an infectious disease (if he has not), that he is a frozen snake, an itchy old toad, a man of straw, the most artful scoundrel that ever existed, that he is not deserving of the slightest commiseration, that he was once in pecuniary difficulties, that he insulted two ladies, that he is a common informer, that he was blackballed by a club and bolted next morning without paying his debts, that she ought to be in a lunatic asylum, that she had twins a month after marriage, that she has her photograph taken incessantly and sells them for a commission, that he ran over a lady and killed her and went on to a ball. It is libel to burn a man in effigy, to chalk a gallows or other ignominious sign on his door, to arrest him on a false charge and march him through the streets in custody, to burn a lamp by day on a wall adjoining a man's house, thus implying that the house is a brothel, to say a house is haunted, to say that your own paper's circulation is 20 to 1 of that of any other paper in the neighbourhood, and that "where others count by the dozen, we count by the hundred."

The stage, it seems, has special protection of its own, and dramatic critics ought to be very careful. It is libellous to say of an actress that her turn in a variety entertainment was the only touch of vulgarity in the performance; to say of an actor that he should return to his old profession, that of a waiter, when in fact he has never been a waiter; or to imply that an actress is ten years older than she is. It has even been held libellous to publish a programme of a concert in which the name of the plaintiff does not occupy a fitting position. As to dramatists, it is libellous to publish that the plot of a play turns on adultery when it does not. Is it, one wonders, libellous to declare (in large letters) that it "shocked London" when, in fact, London was not shocked?

Judges, it seems, are privileged, and when sitting in court, may be as defamatory as they like. Parliament is also privileged. Those who want to take up defamation as a pastime should go in either for politics or the law. They should not, on any account, become journalists. But the whole business seems to be less of an exact science than a kind of sentimental bog, so that even calling a man who has measles and was once in financial difficulties a frozen snake will not be defamation unless the judge and jury happen to see it so.

### LAW AND LIFE—III

**D**IVORCE practice is still in a chaotic state owing to the occasional rejection of what is known as hotel bill evidence. The problem in Holland is solved by the petitioner merely alleging adultery without particulars and by the respondent admitting it. This ends the matter, except that the judge interviews the parties and asks them whether they seriously desire to be divorced. He accepts their joint statement to this effect as the best of all reasons for pronouncing the decree.

In England and Wales the process is throughout hampered by the wholly absurd offence of collusion—an offence never in any circumstances committed by men in wigs. I call the offence absurd because marriage is either a sacrament or a contract. If it is an ecclesiastical sacrament then the Church is entitled to regard any violation of that sacrament as criminal. If on the other hand marriage is a contract, as it is according to our Civil Law, then the element of consent is inherent in the contract and spouses cannot properly be treated as if they were infants or lunatics.

The confusion arose in 1857 owing to the general compromise between Church and State, which resulted in the State incorporating in the Statute the ecclesiastical doctrine of collusion as a crime, which was and is wholly inconsistent with the idea of divorce at all. To say that marriage is a contract is not to say that it should be dissolved without a proper time limit or without proper financial provision for spouses and children. Every lawyer would probably agree that no marriage contract should be dissolved without the approval of the court. But it is farcical for the courts to pretend that there is and should be no such thing as divorce by consent in England and Wales, and the resulting confusion merely creates unnecessary trouble and expense which can benefit no one but the lawyer.

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His Honour Judge Atherley-Jones recently addressed some pungent remarks on the question of the *agent provocateur* procedure adopted by the police since the war, and during the last ten years there have been some ugly stories in circulation, some of which are certainly founded on fact. In a well-known prosecution about ten years ago a young man was charged in Piccadilly with the solicitation of male persons. Fortunately he had a blameless record and an able solicitor, so that the prosecution was sternly condemned and the officer who made the arrest was dismissed from the Force. He died three months later.

It is known that this officer before making the arrest had been guilty of criminal acts himself; he made the arrest because he wrongly assumed that his advances were not entirely unwelcome. Since then other similar arrests have been made, but the victims have in some cases not been able to produce an unblemished record and in others have been badly advised by family solicitors, who feared the responsibility of fighting an uphill case before any magistrate who is prepared to accept the uncorroborated evidence of one or two police officers. I have never heard of any such police evidence in these cases being corroborated at all, and there was at least one magistrate on the Bench whose ready acceptance of any evidence that the police chose to give became a scandal.

In still other cases the victims, preferring not to acquaint their friends or relations with the disaster that has occurred, are persuaded by the police to plead guilty and then find themselves faced, in addition to the original charge, with a long string of wholly imaginary episodes sworn to by the police. I have no hesitation in saying that in at least two instances known to me at first hand wilful perjury must have been committed. I hope that some

evidence of this kind has been submitted to the Street Offences Committee, but naturally those who have suffered in this way do not court any kind of publicity.

\* \*

I understand that Lord Astor has by no means abandoned his intention of trying to achieve some security for the family by limiting testamentary disposition on the model of Roman Law. The comments made on the subject in the House of Lords were singularly unworthy of the peers who spoke. Most family solicitors of any standing can recall quite a number of cases where the most gross injustice has been perpetrated. A marriage settlement is obviously the best protection among the wealthier classes, but the stamp duty and legal expenses are a very heavy burden on a young husband in the lower ranks of life. A husband who keeps a second establishment without being found out can, and often does, deprive his wife and family of benefit under his will in order to endow his concubine at their expense. The Code Napoléon adopted by most Continental countries recognizes the right of the family sufficiently to impose a limit on what the father of the family can leave outside the family, and although this is sometimes evaded by gifts of bearer bonds *inter vivos*, the principle is sound and should, as far as possible, be maintained.

LYCURGUS

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### MORE ABOUT HOTELS

SIR,—I am of those who believe that, on every day, the best food is that which is native to the country you happen to be in (always excepting the English vegetables as referred to by Mr. St. John Ervine). Thus, in France I am all for characteristic dishes; in Italy I am never tired of *pasta*, *risotto*, and *gnocchi*; at home I am well contented with roast shoulder of lamb *et hoc genus omne*. Our hotel and restaurant-keepers, however, feel it necessary to be original and pretentious. The international type of hotel one knows and, if possible, avoids; but even at the popular restaurants it is almost impossible to get a straightforward, plain, well-cooked meal, composed of dishes which do not pretend to be grander than they really are. Except an egg, still the subject of pointed jokes, it is almost impossible to get food that is simple and excellent.

Last week, in Winchester, I went into an hotel and in the course of a subsidiary transaction asked the lady behind the bar for a bill of fare. "Oh," said she, "you mean the maynew," and gave it to me. Rebuked for my lack of refinement, I went out and scrutinized the maynews displayed outside humbler establishments, in the search for a meal suitable for teeth which were no match for the appetite they had to serve. The only item both savoury and soft which was offered gave me a shock. Here was originality with a vengeance. Here among the tenderer dishes for which I was searching, here on the maynew, neatly typed, but nevertheless almost incredible, I read—*spaghetti on toast!*

Sometimes at country hotels I have for one reason or another required lunch at an earlier hour than is strictly usual. At half-past twelve I have wanted a meal of the cold beef and pickles which were there, ready, upon the coffee-room table. But however great

my hurry, I must wait, because "luncheon is not served" till one o'clock. Recently a friend, walking one Sunday from Broxbourne towards Dunmow, called at four village inns before he could procure a little bread and cheese.

Go into any English restaurant, hotel, or teashop, order coffee, and ask the waitress, the head-waiter, the proprietor, or the managing-director, what coffee it is that you have been drinking, and how often will they be able to tell you? With profound apologies for my praise of a foreign country, I cannot but recall my arrival one morning at an extremely small and desolate village among the Maritime Alps, far from any but mule traffic. There on the terrace of a tiny inn, at a table spread with a coarse but delicately clean cloth, I was provided with a huge bowl of most unusually exquisite coffee.

"What is this wonderful coffee?" I asked the peasant padrona.

"Signore, it is half Guatemala and half Porto Rico—a good blend. We have tried rather more than half of the Porto Rico, but that made it too strong." A small thing, but characteristic. I would go far out of my way to visit that good lady again.

I am, etc.,

Savage Club

BOHUN LYNCH

### THE FOUNDLING SITE

SIR,—The situation in regard to the Foundling Hospital Site is very serious, but not unhelpful. It is quite clear that the L.C.C. will take no action on its own account in order to secure a part of this site as open space. Therefore the company now owning the site can only be restrained from building their ten-storey flats by the zeal of private individuals.

As a matter of fact there is nothing to stop them laying the first brick before this letter appears in your paper. But no one doubts that there will still be further delay. It is known that the company itself is not too eager to embark upon the flat scheme; the price originally paid for the land makes it very unlikely that flats will produce a profitable income on such an enormous outlay. The company owning the site seems to be in a serious dilemma from which it must extricate itself with as little loss as possible.

Of all the schemes suggested for the nine acres only one is admirable both from the point of view of the company and of the public. This is the proposal to rebuild the Children's Hospital where the old Foundling Hospital now stands and to preserve the Forecourt as an open space. The scheme has a real chance of raising the necessary money by public appeal; it preserves the historic tradition of the site; and it also secures to Bloomsbury a new public garden.

At the moment private negotiations have broken down because the company owning the site will not agree to submit the price to arbitration. Considering (a) that the public needs the site, and (b) the company is in a dilemma, it will be a tragedy if the flats are erected because the company refuses to accept the price of an independent valuer. One gets used to local government muddles in London, even to the silent indifference and futile inactivity of London County Councillors, but it is reasonable to hope that there will be enough people interested to prevent this scandal turning into a tragedy.

I am, etc.,

27 Parkhill Road, N.W.3

R. G. RANDALL

### ANOTHER PANACEA-MONGER

SIR,—Your last issue contains a page article reviewing my book under the heading, 'Another Panacea-Monger,' condemning the volume. The title seems to me not very appropriate, for I have no "panacea"



for cancer. I do not mind in the least that your reviewer condemns my book and my methods, but I object very strongly to his misleading your readers on most important points and facts. The writer attributes the increasing mortality from cancer to the "cancerous age" and he emphasizes his argument by putting the words cancerous age into quotation marks. Had the writer read my book with any attention, he would have found a chapter entitled, 'Is Cancer a Disease of Old Age?' which gives statistics of cancer mortality according to occupations. From these trustworthy statistics we learn that the cancer mortality among clergymen is forty-five, among agricultural labourers fifty-four, among butchers 105, among merchant seamen 110 and among barmen 137. Every statistician is aware that longevity is particularly frequent among clergymen and among agricultural labourers, while barmen, seamen and butchers are very short-lived. If the old-age argument was correct, the cancer mortality should be by far the highest among clergymen and agricultural labourers. In reality it is the lowest. Among the short-lived butchers, sailors and barmen the cancer mortality is from two to three times as high as among the long-lived clergy and agricultural workers. It should be obvious to any man of common sense that, in view of these figures, cancer is not a disease of old age but a disease of faulty living. Among the naturally and plainly living agricultural workers and clergy there is relatively little cancer, while where there is high consumption of meat and especially preserved meat (seamen) there is an enormous mortality.

Your reviewer has given a misleading account regarding the cancer position. He tells your readers once more that the increase of the cancer mortality is rather imaginary than real, although the relative cancer mortality has doubled during the last fifteen years, and he treats cancer as a mystery disease understandable only to the laboratory men, although many facts show that cancer is a commonplace disease caused by the poisons of civilization. We know that cancer can be caused by chronic poisoning with arsenic, aniline, tar, petroleum, and many other things. Four years ago I expressed a warning in my first cancer book that the poisoning of the atmosphere with cancer-creating tar fumes and petrol fumes would lead to a vast increase of lung cancer. A few years ago primary lung cancer was almost unknown according to Sir John Bland Sutton and other high authorities. In a few years the death rate from lung cancer has increased in many towns tenfold and more.

To all open-minded men and women who read my book it will be clear that cancer is avoidable. Possibly the language I have used with regard to the researchers, who have discovered nothing of practical value regarding cancer, has been too strong from the point of view of your reviewer. But I think it is very regrettable that your reviewer has tried to minimize the seriousness of the cancer peril and has misled your readers with regard to the causation of the disease.

I am, etc.,

J. ELLIS BARKER

Albion Lodge, Fortis Green,  
East Finchley, N.2

#### IMPORTS AND EXPORTS IN THE ARTS

SIR,—Everyone who cares for the probity and progression of British painting will thank you for publishing the admirable article by Mr. Walter Bayes last Saturday, on the question of Imports and Exports in the Arts.

With regard to the trumpeting of Herr Oskar Kokoschka by fluent cosmopolitan critics, I elsewhere tried briefly to express in blunter fashion what Mr. Bayes puts so aptly at greater length in your columns. The influence of the international coterie is waning, but there are still a few "connoisseurs" whose vanity

(which is greater than their taste or knowledge) demands the sort of pap served out by Herr Kokoschka's "accredited champion" and his "lemon-sucking" allies. This class of collector and critic reminds me of an extinct race of dogs which were so lean that two of them had to bring their backs together before either could bark. But pharisaical scribe and connoisseur will pass as the atrophied dogs passed, if they are treated with contempt. That would silence the one and then we should hear no more of the other—it is publicity, not Art, that he wants.

The second question raised by Mr. Bayes is more important than the first. I had proof of this at a recent international exhibition, where the profusion and confusion of too many parasite cooks almost spoiled the broth at the British pavilion—which even at the end was not nearly so good as it ought to have been.

I am, etc.,

JAMES GREIG

Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

#### WIMBLEDON

SIR,—The Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament is again the all-absorbing topic. Some years ago in your columns I put forward a suggestion for the carrying out of the championships, which, if adopted, might have avoided the now accepted system of "seeding" the draw. My present suggestion may have a better fate.

Everyone knows that there is a tremendous rush for the purchase of seats as soon as the lists are officially open in the early part of the year; the lucky people in the ballot have now a fortnight's use of the tickets they applied for. It seems to me that the tennis authorities might very well divide the tournament "fortnight" into two parts, dividing the successful applicants for tickets accordingly: that is, one set of tickets for the first week's tennis, and another totally different set for the second week—no holder of a ticket to be entitled to a seat for more than one of the two weeks. This would enable double the present number of seat-holders to view important tennis on the Centre Court.

This suggestion, if adopted, might require some such division of the play as the following: the Ladies' Singles and the Men's Doubles to be completed, say, the first week; the Ladies' Doubles and the Men's Singles to be completed in the second week; while the Mixed Doubles might amble along throughout the fortnight. This would be, as regards the seat-holders (and probably also as regards the competitors) a much fairer method than obtains at present, when so many applications for tickets are necessarily turned down.

While on the subject, may I refer to a point that is seemingly overlooked by the Wimbledon management, viz., the quality of the "lining"? I have watched linesmen on the Centre Court, including even players of some repute, that do not know their job—I am referring especially to the linesmen on the "service lines." I have seen linesmen behaving on the Centre Court in a manner I should not have dared to adopt at the old Wimbledon on the few occasions I acted in that capacity.

The linesmen I am complaining of watch the ball from the server's racquet all the way to the service line on the "striker's" side of the net. This is quite an incorrect method, and probably accounts for some of the wrong decisions I have seen given. Linesmen on the service line should invariably at the beginning of every "rest" (or rally) keep their eyes resolutely glued to the service line and should never look at the server while he is serving. I am glad to say that some of the linesmen I have observed do carry out this rule.

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"



## THE AUTOCRAT AT THE OPERATING TABLE

SIR,—Replying to Mr. Parson's letter, the incident of the hot-water bottle occurred in a private house. My friend was a patient in a nursing home and, apart from the surgeon's instructions, has been well treated there. The operation was very urgent and no other surgeon was immediately available. His letter has not touched my main contention, which is that no patient should be treated as an infant or a lunatic and should be allowed within reasonable limits to make his own experiments.

I am, etc.,  
"LYCURGUS"

[Several letters are held over.—Ed. S.R.]

## MUSIC

## M. CHALIAPIN AND 'FAUST'

LIKE most other people, I suppose, I went to Covent Garden Theatre on Friday of last week rather to see M. Chaliapin's Mephistopheles than to hear Gounod's 'Faust.' It was the latter that I, for one, stayed to admire. Expectation was all agog in anticipation of the Russian singer's first performance of this part in London, and tickets were at a premium. It seems that people will pay anything in order to be present at an "occasion" of this kind, little as they will produce from their pockets when an appeal is made to them for the permanent establishment of opera or drama in this country. I do not think they were satisfied with the result and that is to their credit. For, unless they were content with a voice that has lost nearly all its old quality and volume; unless they regarded as good singing a complete disregard of tempo and rhythm and, in the ensembles, of what the other singers were doing; unless, in short, they were prepared for a performance that was musically execrable, they had good reason to be dissatisfied.

Not that M. Chaliapin failed to give them something for their money. If his voice is no longer what it used to be and his singing was culpably careless, he remains a great personality and he acted everyone else off the stage. His conception of the part of Mephistopheles was, apart from the fact of its being altogether too powerful for the opera, an original and interesting piece of work. If he made mincemeat of tradition, he did not mince matters whenever he had an opportunity of showing his devilhood. It was not a "nice" performance.

Yet, somehow, for all the actor's hard work to make of Gounod's gentleman-devil a real bad lot, he managed to strike a note of terror only twice during the evening—at his first appearance to Faust, which had the merit of a real surprise, and during the scene with Marguerite, which is usually known as the Church-scene, but which took place on this occasion in the market-square. For the rest M. Chaliapin's acting was no more than a posturing which failed to take one in, because the mechanism of it was too evident. He can still act with his voice, colouring it and inflecting it as no other singer in my experience can, but his effects are now purchased at the too high price of faulty intonation and bad rhythm. At the risk of seeming a mere *laudator temporis acti*, I venture to assure those who were disappointed at this performance that the M. Chaliapin whom they saw was not the same fine artist who in the days before the war enchanted us with the magnificence of his voice and the subtlety of his acting. There was nothing more characteristic of his performance the other night than the action of Mephistopheles when he stops Wagner's song in order that he may sing himself. If M. Chaliapin fell rather flat through singing sharp, Mr. John Charles Thomas compensated the

audience with his fine performance of the part of Valentine. The part does not offer many opportunities for acting.

Gounod's weakness was an inability to define character in music. All his gushing admiration for Mozart did not enable him to catch that master's trick of inventing a musical phrase which, once we have heard it associated with a given character, becomes at once and for ever the symbol of that character in our minds. But Gounod did learn a good deal from the object of his adoration. He learnt that an opera must move continually, that there must be no flagging in the action or music, and 'Faust' is the best proof that he had learnt that lesson well. Even when there is no particular action toward, he keeps things moving by the variety and skill of his orchestration and choral writing. In the Kermesse scene that rather undistinguished tune, which is familiar to English audiences associated with the words, "Come to the holiday; come to the fair. Never such a jolly day to be there!" is made extraordinarily vivacious and interesting by its division among various groups of voices. So also, on the larger view, the action and music are always varied and on the move. It is only when, in the first and last acts, the drama does not allow of much variety of this kind, that the inherent weakness of Gounod's musical invention becomes painfully evident. Even so, in the first act, Gounod has managed to enliven the monotony of Faust's monologue with choruses "off." The composer had in no common measure that gift, which is indispensable to the making of a good opera, the sense of the theatre. It is the good use to which he put this gift that reconciles us to the maudlin sentimentality of much of his music. H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—122

SET BY HAMISH MILES

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a prose passage, not to exceed 300 words, drawn from a hypothetical 'Life and Times of King Edward VII,' by Mr. Lytton Strachey, its immediate subject being the altered tone of society after the King's demise.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rendering in heroic couplets, à la Pope, in not more than 24 lines, of a week-end weather-forecast from the Meteorological Office.

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 122a, or LITERARY 122b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 9, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of July 14.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 120

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Culinary Ballade for use in summer with the refrain, "But duck is better eaten cold."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 250 words explaining and illustrating the dictum that style in English prose depends on the choice and the placing of adverbs.

#### REPORT FROM MR. SHANKS

120A. It is gratifying to find so many competitors agreeing with me that duck is better eaten cold: I must here own that I set this competition largely as propaganda. It is less gratifying to find how many of them have not the least idea of what is meant by a ballade. Among these delinquents is M. Hayes, who supplies almost the best and certainly the most unexpected arguments in support of my proposition. Her opening verse is, also, something like poetry:

The duck, of cool and aqueous feelings,  
In gentle mud its life has led,  
With slimy unexcited sailings,  
On cold and sluggish insects fed.  
For as the nature of the beast is,  
Pale or ferocious, mild or bold,  
The temperature of the feast is:  
So, duck is better eaten cold.

Miss Hayes does not know what a ballade is, and must, further, be under some misapprehension as to how the word "temperature" is pronounced. These defects, which deprive her of a prize, ought not to prevent anyone from enjoying a spirited piece of verse.

Among those who did know what a ballade is I must first deal with Moriendo Vivo. I can read enough of his entry to feel sure that it is in strict form and therefore all the more regret that the years pass on too quickly for me to give any more of them to deciphering the rest. Choice among the others promised to be difficult until I reached M. R. Williamson, who solves better than any of them the problem set by the conjunction "but." I recommend this entry for the first prize. The second, after some hesitation, is awarded to N. B., while Gordon Daviot (I should like to know what he means by "duck creole"), David Nomad, and P. R. Bennett are to be recorded as all having come very close to it.

#### FIRST PRIZE

I sing of food, O fragrant smell  
Of piquant savours ne'er forgot;  
Of smoking curry, hot as hell,  
Of porridge sacred to the Scot.  
At Christmas, turkey crowns our lot,  
With fiery pudding, brown and old;  
In Spring we like our chicken hot—  
But duck is better eaten cold.  
In Italy I've suffered—Well  
They call it Milanese risott—  
'O, of a buttered richness fell  
And saffron, like the jaundice got  
From eating it. Rice pudding's what  
Is suited to the Briton bold,  
Wholesome and warm when Summer's not—  
But duck is better eaten cold.  
As guest I've heard the dinner bell  
In many an icy, draughty spot:  
Shivered at oysters from the shell,  
Found salmon mayonnaise a blot,  
In cold asparagus no jot  
Of comfort—not in cornflower mould,  
And longed for Lancashire hot-pot—  
But duck is better eaten cold.  
Host, glutton, epicure or sot,  
Good food is worthy of your gold;  
Serve if you will ice-pudding hot—  
But duck is better eaten cold.

M. R. WILLIAMSON

#### SECOND PRIZE

Supreme o'er every eaten thing,  
The lordly Sirloin holdeth sway—  
Dubbed by "Our mutton-eating King"—  
And Saddle too shall have its say,  
Or rosy Ham, in frilled array;  
Time-serving Tongues—the straight, not rolled;  
The Judge's chop—the Law's delay!  
But duck is better eaten cold!

Fur, Fin and Feather let us sing—  
The trinity men make their prey!  
The breast, the merry-thought, the wing  
A Salmon from the Dee or Spey!  
The Hare we jug, while jug we may;  
The fish that is as "lemon" sold,  
Or that from Dover and Torbay—  
But duck is better eaten cold!  
Or, is your taste for garnishing—  
The chafing-dish your chief mainstay,  
For sudden guests that on you spring—  
Meals "hotted up" from yesterday—  
Called, more politely, réchauffé?  
Well, artifice renews the old—  
In Beeton's phrase "another way"—  
But duck is better eaten cold!  
Prince, if within this trifling Lay,  
The frigid Fowl's too much extolled,  
The sin lies with the 'Saturday'—  
But duck is better eaten cold!

N. B.

120B. This entry was small but extremely good. One competitor rather wasted his time in arguing that the adverb is an unimportant part of speech, which was not what he was asked to do. All the others provided something of interest, but here again I was saved from uncertainty by one competitor of outstanding excellence. Until I read what he had to say I was not really quite convinced that the adverb is the test of style, but now I feel sure of it. The following are commended: Bébé; John Gauvain; P. R. Bennett; Valimus. The first prize goes to Non Omnia, the second to a competitor whose name I cannot read but who will recognize his quotation from Richard Garnett about expostulating convincingly with tigers. Will he send his address? It seemed to me odd that no one quoted from Mr. Max Beerbohm.

#### FIRST PRIZE

The nature and position of clouds give æsthetic value to the white light of the sun. Similarly, adverbs, by qualifying the simplicity of verbs and adjectives, give individuality to English prose style.

The pageants of Macaulay contain a smaller proportion of adverbs than normal prose, so that the style is one of high lights and deep shadows. In quieter passages he uses phrases like "most remarkable," "strictly faithful," "very curious," thus employing adverbs to heighten the force of adjectives. To him a fact is never clear but always "quite clear."

In Henry James, however, adverbs are the means by which he softens his outlines and produces a shifting pattern of interpenetrating mental states. "It seemed somehow," "it was now as if comparatively," "very supposedly droll."

Addison achieves his effect of charming gossip largely by his use of "very," "Very odd," "I look very blank." And the smoothness of his rhythms becomes more apparent with the ripple of the adverb consistently placed between the parts of a compound verb. "We were no sooner sat down," "that do not properly come."

Stevenson's more vivid style is due to his greater use of adverbs of manner, which he often emphasizes by using them in pairs, "bloodily earned and grossly squandered."

Adverbs carefully placed at the end of a sentence—"etched and moulded therein"; "time has chilled it least"—give Pater's writing its pedantic atmosphere.

Finally, adverbs involving comparison and degree demand mental activity from the reader of a logical kind, and so give to prose its intellectual foundation.

NON OMNIA

#### SECOND PRIZE

Two qualities seem essential to good English prose, rhythm and what may be defined as "atmosphere," the power of suggestion, something akin to the French *sous-entendu*.

No part of speech can more effectively aid rhythm than an adverb well chosen and well placed. "He runs" and "he runs quickly" might both quite fittingly find their place in a French grammar without giving the student any idea of the real subtleties of English. But in the following passage from Sir Thomas Browne's rhetoric, the position of the adverb is essential to the rhythm. "The iniquity of Oblivion *blindly* scattereth her poppy." Nor could one easily remove the adverb from this verse of the Authorized Version: "If a man should give the whole substance of his house for love, it would *utterly* be contemned."

Used by such a writer as Richard Garnett, the adverb can speak volumes, and although it is still true that "est locus in rebus" the choice of the adverb is more important in the following examples. "Expostulates *convincingly* with tigers" at once gives us an amazing picture which mere expostulation could never produce. Or again: "The art of *gracefully* interrupting an unseasonable discourse." The use and position of "gracefully" constitute an elegant oxymoron. How bald and unconvincingly rude mere interruption must always be.



## BACK NUMBERS—LXXIX

"**A**MONG the ferment of novels which contain no new thing, and essays which are lame attempts at smartness, such writings as Peacock's have for long years been forgotten." So a Saturday Reviewer wrote in 1875, in noticing the collected edition of his works then issued with a preface by Lord Houghton. Peacock is of those who "dine at journey's end with Landor and with Donne," and it is not in the least surprising that in 1875, a decade after his death, he was still waiting for his due. From people in general he will never have it. Learning, irony, epicureanism, Conservatism, these are things that set a man apart from his fellows: learning and irony obviously, epicureanism because it annoys both the ascetic and the gross, Conservatism because, when worthy of the name, it refers the craze of the hour and the idol of the moment to the standards established long ago. And in all these things Peacock was very much himself, highly individual in his scholarship, his mischief, his valuation of wine, his satire on progress. Not all even among his admirers have seen quite how strange a creature he was, or realized that his satire is frequently double or treble edged, being intentionally turned against himself even while it wounds the object of his contempt.

Mark Pattison said that an appreciation of Milton was the reward of culture, and it might be said that an appreciation of Balzac is the reward of experience. But, on the whole, it is not by their bearing towards the very greatest masters that people can be judged; rather, by their bearing towards certain secondary writers. He who speaks fondly of Jane Austen or of Borrow tells an intelligent listener more than he could in an hour of intimate confession; an admission of love for Peacock is even more revealing. That Shelley so admired Peacock is answer enough to Matthew Arnold's foolishness about Shelley; it proves that for all his dreaming about human perfectibility he could see the value to a certain sort of artist of human imperfectibility, and might himself, under favourable conditions, have attained to that piety and gratitude in which a man thanks God for fools. Shelley's admiration, however, was chiefly for the style, that consummate style which at first acquaintance may seem without colour and a trifle stiff. "I know not how to praise sufficiently the lightness, chastity, and strength of the language of the whole" of 'Nightmare Abbey,' Shelley wrote, and all Peacock's prose has those three virtues. But there is more in Peacock than even Shelley saw.

Enough and too much has been written in praise of propriety of style; there is room for a book on happy inappropriateness of style. One astonishing instance of inappropriateness I have discussed already in these articles, pointing out how Oscar Wilde's 'Ballad of Reading Gaol' owes most of its effect to the application to a harsh, realistic matter of a style formed for the appreciation of beautiful exotic things, the style being in that poem a constant reminder that 'the being under torture is the pampered epicure and dandy of fortunate days. With Peacock, the success is in making the style at once an expressive medium for the lunacies it conveys and a comment on them. The madder the things said, the more precise, elegant and balanced is Peacock's prose. We are taken among people who have bees in their bonnets, whole bee-hives, but the bonnets are admirably shaped and worn with the nicest sense of style. Everyone in that preposter-

ous world of eccentrics is in some sort a stylist, a wit, a gentleman; and folly, most cruelly exposed, still has its distinction; and the lucidity of the arguments whereby untenable positions are defended is the subtlest criticism of them.

It was not by accident that Peacock, when he wrote nonsense in verse, achieved a kind of nobility in nonsense, in that absurd and delicious and glorious war-song. People go about praising comic rhymes, the best of them in compositions which can never be printed, because enormous difficulties have been overcome in them, an echo found for a word which seemed to have none. But the "fatter" and "latter," the "sweeter" and "meeter," of that little masterpiece are the supreme achievement. No one can tell us why they convulse the reader; the thing is a piece of magic. The effects in the prose are naturally more capable of analysis. We can see easily enough why Squire Headlong's "Push about the bottle" is the perfect comment on Mr. Escott's confession of his inability to keep in view "that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy." The bottle, the sacred bottle, is inestimably valuable in Peacock.

With George Meredith, who had the trick of the thing from Peacock, the witty parade of a knowledge of wine is no more than a humorous digression. Essentially, it is not more valuable than some trick in Dickens. But in Peacock the bottle is a kind of comment on all things. It is the reconciler: Mr. Cypress, Mr. Larynx, Mr. Flosky, Scythrop, and the rest, unable to agree about anything else, can at least agree that the fund for the regeneration of society should be devoted to the provision of dinners for discussion. The inscription, "Hic Non Bibitur," says one of Peacock's personages, is fit only for a tombstone. Wine is the inspiration of his finest pages. It is the symbol for his most mellow wisdom, the unloosener of his frankest laughter, the one thing certainly good, when it is good, in a doubtful world. There is the world governed by opinion and torn with dissension because no two men can honestly hold quite the same opinions, on anything except wine, and here is wine, about which they can agree. Peacock reconciles mankind in wine. It is in terms of wine that he should be praised: it is at the dinner table, with few at it, and at that happy stage when men recall the most memorable of their vinous experiences, that the eulogy of Peacock should be uttered. And indeed I am ending this utterly inadequate tribute to go out and honour him elsewhere. *Gwin o eur*—wine from gold! Read what I have written, if you will be so patient. You would fare a little better in listening to what I shall say of him when, but I fear non-compliance, that order has been executed.

One writes like that in one's enthusiasm for Peacock, and doubtless, even if one has tact in doing it, it results in injustice to him. For he is not a writer to be praised publicly. His eulogy should be addressed only to those few who already relish him, initiates who will take rhapsody about him with sympathy and yet with a certain coolness. He is not one to be honoured by the hasty raising of a glass to him. The wine is to be eyed; it is to be gently rotated in the glass, and the bouquet of it taken at leisure; and only then, with all the ritual, is it to be drunk to his honour.

STET.



## REVIEWS

## SIR WILLIAM WATSON

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*Selected Poems.* By William Watson. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

WE are told by the publishers, in recommendation of this book, that in 1905 Mr. Asquith informed the author that he had strongly urged his claim to the Laureateship on Mr. Gladstone after the death of Tennyson. There was no doubt a difference between the Asquith who was Home Secretary in 1892 and the Asquith who was Prime Minister in 1913, but one would hardly have expected it to extend to his taste in poetry. Nevertheless, in 1912 Sir William Watson did not become Poet Laureate.

The date was perhaps unfortunate for him. At Tennyson's death it was assumed, rather unreasonably, that as a pure poet he could not have a successor and that his successor in the official position ought to be chosen for his facility in ceremonial versification. When it was somewhat oddly suggested to William Morris that he ought to become Laureate, he replied with surprising mildness that he thought the Duke of Argyll would be a more suitable choice. But in 1912 our hopes of pure poetry had begun to revive and Dr. Bridges was accordingly appointed in recognition of his merits merely as a poet.

Sir William himself certainly took the view (or seemed to do so) that in Tennyson the last of the great English poets died. He cried, on that occasion, "Carry the last great bard to his last bed," and in this his was one of many voices that exercised a most deleterious influence on English poetry and criticism. Now he takes a different view and thus, in his notes, explains 'Lacrimæ Musarum':

When Tennyson died I was a young man of thirty-four, and during the formative years of youth and early manhood I had not been precisely among the very fervid admirers of his genius. I was extremely sensitive to his almost invariable charm, as well as to his frequent power, but my own special leanings were towards a more compressed and pregnant style than was habitual with him. When, however, he came to die—when he came to die that magnificent, and, if I may so phrase it, spectacular death, as of some mighty bard of old, passing from ken in a blaze of honour and glory—when that happened, the voice of criticism was for the moment hushed, and even we who had carpied and cavilled a little during his life-time were carried out of ourselves by a great surging wave of emotion. . . . A *threnody* is not a criticism, not an occasion for scrupulously balanced judgment.

One might observe, in passing, that surely in his best work, the work, that is to say, for which one values him as a poet, Tennyson's style is as compressed and pregnant as even Sir William Watson could desire. But it will be more useful on the present occasion to look a little more closely into 'Lacrimæ Musarum' and to discern there if we can some of its author's characteristics and why he was thought a likely Laureate.

It is certainly, as he says, sincere. But sincerity of feeling does not imply depth of feeling and he must have been, as he hints, moved rather by the obvious impressiveness of the occasion than by any effect that it had on him personally. It is, in fact, funeral oratory, good for its turn but without the deeper sincerity of emotion which is required to keep poetry alive:

Rapt though he be from us,  
Virgil salutes him and Theocritus;  
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each  
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;  
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;  
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;  
Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,  
Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth  
A kinsman's love beseech;

Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,  
Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,  
His equal friendship crave:  
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech  
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

This is the sort of thing that *ought* to be said at public funerals, unless there is someone present whom the public occasion inspires with such personal emotion as to inspire a "Gettysburg oration." But it is not within uncrossable miles of what was given to Shelley to say when he learnt of the death of Keats. It is fit and proper and expresses the public emotion as well as can be expected. But, as occasional oratory always does, it has gone stale and even its least important defects leap out at us. Why, for example, does Dante in one line bid Tennyson welcome home and in another hail him as a guest? In the speech for the occasion, such figures serve their turn and we do not enquire too closely whether they agree with one another or not. But in poetry they draw our attention to the fact that it is the occasion, not deep feeling, that is the motive power.

The defect of Sir William's poetry as a whole is that it gives too often this impression of remoteness from its subject. Sometimes his formality lends a touch of stateliness to an evidently personal emotion:

Not she, the England I behold,  
My mistress is; nor yet  
The England beautiful of old  
Whom Englishmen forget.  
  
The England of my heart is she,  
Long hoped and long deferred,  
That ever promises to be,  
And ever breaks her word.

But more often he seems merely to have sought an occasion on which to be formal. He reprints here the well-known sonnet on the massacres of Abdul Hamid in which he apologized to that monarch for having given him no more distinguished title of infamy than "the Damned." One's first thought on re-reading it is that those massacres were over a long time ago and that a good many things have happened since. But the same consideration applies with even more force to Milton's sonnet 'On the Late Massacre in Piemont' and to Wordsworth's sonnet to Toussaint L'Ouverture. Yet these do not inspire the same thought. Their poetry has lifted them above the particular atrocities that inspired them and they are now about all cruelty and all oppression. Mere rhetoric, however vigorous, has not the same effect.

Sir William is at his best where a genuine emotion can confine itself without loss within the form of the epigram. There is a good example in the delightful opening of his 'Ode in May':

Let me go forth, and share  
The overflowing Sun  
With one wise friend, or one  
Better than wise, being fair.

The rest of the poem hardly lives up to the excellence of this, largely because the second half of the stanza is cast in a more lyrical shape than is quite suited to Sir William's talent:

Where the pewit wheels and dips  
On heights of bracken and ling,  
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,  
Tingles with the Spring.

His very finest work is to be found among the epigrams pure and simple. Here is one, written as long ago as 1883:

Momentous to himself as I to me  
Hath each man been that ever woman bore;  
Once, in a lightning-flash of sympathy,  
I felt this truth, an instant, and no more.

But he has sought too often to strain the talent here evidenced beyond its natural limits, and epigram cannot by any degree of pressure be forced into becoming lyric. It loses its own qualities and acquires no others save that of verbosity.

## PAINTERS OF THE 'NINETIES

*The Artists of the 1890's.* By John Rothenstein.  
Routledge. 10s. 6d.

IT would have been well if the author of this interesting and informed book had heeded Blake's saying that the ages are all equal, though genius is always above the age, and Whistler's saying that there never was an artistic age. In the long introductory portion of his book, which we refrain from calling too long only because it is thoroughly readable but which overbalances the studies of the individual artists of his period, Mr. John Rothenstein seems to reduce genius to the product of economic and social circumstances. His sketch of the revolution which, but quite incidentally, resulted in the artist, once the servant of the Church, then the servant of an aristocracy, finding an unwelcome liberty is clear, lively and in the main accurate, but it has much less relevance to the ostensible subject of his book than he supposes. And his contention that the artists of the 'nineties were far more influenced by economic and social circumstances than by purely artistic circumstances cannot be accepted. No doubt they, like virtually all other modern artists, felt, when they thought about the matter at all, that they belonged nowhere. But was the artist in earlier generations really so much more happy? Superficially, he might feel that in using religious material in an age of religion, or the material offered by aristocratic life for the delectation of aristocratic patrons, he was in touch with his public. Inwardly, he knew that the material was no more than the notes are to the composer of music, and that in every age the number of persons with an ear sensitive to fine novelty in music is small. The painter of religious subjects in the ages of faith, or of courtiers for courtiers, was lucky only as the Elizabethan dramatist was lucky. He could count on a public ready to accept his material, not on a public capable, as a whole or as regards its majority, of appreciating his true purpose.

But, in arguing with Mr. John Rothenstein, we are falling into his own error of building to the little gallery of the 'nineties a porch that would be portentous even if erected for the National Gallery or the Louvre. To pass to the ten artists of the period whom he considers individually, he is right in regarding Whistler as one who, conscious of limitations, makes a virtue, indeed a boast, of being limited. But incompetence is not a word to be brought into any discussion of Whistler, who was infallible in choosing out of the gross profusion of nature what was to his purpose, after having narrowed down that purpose till nine-tenths of the visible world was excluded. A further limitation, which Mr. John Rothenstein is acute to notice: Whistler was incapable of drawing new inspiration from the work itself as it developed, and remains the painter of first impressions. The chapter on Mr. Wilson Steer reads like a lay journalist's record of an interview, but there is some good critical matter in that on Mr. Sickert, there is some fresh biographical detail in the pages on Greaves and on Conder, and in those on Mr. William Rothenstein there is a son's knowledge of his father's aims. If finally we are not quite satisfied, it is because the book lacks unity. Mr. John Rothenstein is right in urging that the purposeful group of the 'nineties exists only in certain critical imaginations. The coherence of the artists of the period has been as much exaggerated as the coherence of the writers, and only Beardsley and Conder were significantly related to the decadent writers, themselves very few and far from united, of their generation, though one senior designer, Simeon Solomon, totally ignored by

Mr. John Rothenstein, ought to be noticed. But if the artists of the 'nineties are not bound together by devotion to decadent ideals, what holds them together?

It must be inferred that in Mr. John Rothenstein's view they form a group as fellow-sufferers from that isolation of the artist and as fellow-fighters against that economic and social pressure which he has described at great length in the first half of his book. If so, what is Greaves doing in the company? To be sure, he was the disciple for many years of Whistler, but in his humility towards his only subject and his innocence of æsthetic theory he is utterly unlike Whistler. Mr. John Rothenstein insists that his ten artists drew inspiration directly from the life about them. What of Conder, in whose world the characters of fairy-land and of the Italian comedy jostle those of Balzac, and who, almost as eclectic as Beardsley, made himself out of Watteau, Goya, Constantin Guys, Anquetin? Undoubtedly there are the makings of a writer and an art critic in Mr. John Rothenstein; but he would be wise to cling, for the next ten years, to the simple truth that a picture is just a picture, not the inevitable outcome of antecedent economic and social revolutions or to be valued as an illustration of extraneous theory. The artist lives in a world he did not make, but how much of it affects him as an artist is determined by his personality and by nothing else. Moreover, an artist's contemporaries are not merely those who are physically alive in his day, but also every master vividly appealing to him, and in this way past modes of life are made present to him, and may even count for more with him than the factors of which Mr. John Rothenstein makes so much. Beardsley belonged to the 'nineties chiefly because he belonged to most of the periods which interested the 'nineties.

## COLLEY CIBBER

*The Life and Times of Colley Cibber.* By F. Dorothy Senior. Constable. 16s.

MISS SENIOR'S book is interestingly if not faultlessly written, and we learn, perhaps, rather more of the times than of the life of the hero of the 'Dunciad.' No doubt we are told as much of his life as is worth telling. The son of a Danish sculptor, he was intended for the Church, but Winchester was not impressed by his descent from William of Wykeham, and in the absence of a scholarship his formal education came to an abrupt end. He succeeded in entering the Drury Lane company instead, at a salary of nothing a week, till he so bungled a minor part that the infuriated Betterton, hearing that the offender was "Master Colley," roared out: "Then forfeit him." But with no salary he could not be "forfeited," so by Betterton's orders he was given ten shillings a week that he might forfeit five. This was Colley Cibber's first success.

When his salary reached twenty shillings a week he felt justified, Miss Senior writes, "in taking to himself a wife," or, as he himself put it in his 'Apology,' in committing matrimony. Like Mommson he was equally prolific of children and books. He decided that the pen was mightier than the buskin and took to writing plays. Two years before Collier's pamphlet appeared, Cibber wrote a play "exactly suited to the new morality." Davies commented, "It is a singular fact in the history of the English stage that the very first comedy acted after the libertine times of the Restoration, in which any purity of manners, and respect to the honour of the marriage-bed were preserved, was Cibber's 'Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion.' "The singularity, we may infer, consisted in Cibber's character. When Mrs. Porter, the actress,



asked how it was that, while able to depict such admirable portraits of virtue in his plays, he lived a stranger to it, he replied: "Madam, the one is absolutely necessary, the other is not."

Miss Senior regards 'Love's Last Shift' as of definite importance in the development of the sentimental comedy, every element of which, she thinks, is contained in it. The main action of the play is the reformation of a wandering husband as a result of his wife's pretence of being a new mistress. In the language of the play he is charmed into "robbing his own orchard." 'Love's Last Shift' was considered so good that Cibber's enemies said he could not possibly have written it. And to everyone's surprise he appeared in it himself without spoiling it.

As an actor Colley Cibber seems to have suffered from almost every natural defect except lack of enthusiasm. His voice was untuneful and "apt to crack in moments of excitement." In person he was short, thickset, and clumsy. And as a boy he was so lean that he was known as "Hatchet face." To have succeeded on the stage as he did, in spite of these disadvantages, is sufficient refutation of the charge of "dullness." After his successful appearance in his own successful play written at the age of twenty-four, he went on to further successes, of which the chief was the creation of the part of Lord Foppington in Vanbrugh's 'Relapse,' which remained his most famous rôle to the end of his life.

From this point the story of Cibber's life is inextricable from the history of the stage. We meet Nance Oldfield and Peg Woffington—whose real name, by the way, was Murphy. Perhaps Cibber's worst offence in this period was his guilt in the matter of pantomimes. When attacked for their introduction at Drury Lane, Cibber urged, apparently in extenuation, that he had never used mechanical devices. His pasteboard swans, pulled by stage carpenters to the general merriment, no doubt hardly deserved such a description.

But apart from the 'Dunciad' and his merits and demerits as an actor, Cibber has at least three claims to distinction. He rejected the 'Beggar's Opera.' He was the worst Poet Laureate. And he was the father of Charlotte Charke. In regard to the first Cibber was only one of many who were sure it had no chance of success. There must be something in theatrical management to explain this perennial flair for the unerringly wrong. As Laureate Cibber only produced birthday odes and the like, one of which Miss Senior quotes. As a bad poem it deserves a very high, though not the highest place. It ends:

With song, ye Britons, lead the Day!  
Sing! sing the Morn, that gave him Breath.  
Whose Virtues never shall decay,  
No, never, never, taste of Death.

We hope George II was gratified.

Cibber's daughter Charlotte almost deserves a book to herself. She had a "predilection for the pursuits and habits of the masculine character." At the age of four she dressed up in her father's clothes and wig and paraded "before the goggling eyes of certain rustics at Twickenham," hoping to be mistaken for her illustrious father. While still hardly more than a child she married the leader of the band at Drury Lane, went on the stage, and thereafter, as Miss Senior very happily expresses it, her career "became hopelessly variegated." She failed as a grocer through giving overweight. She assumed masculine dress on all occasions, sold sausages, became valet-de-chambre to an Irish nobleman, strolling player, farmer, printer's devil, and finally public-house keeper. Her last years were spent with a slovenly servant, a magpie, a monkey and a dog, living on her pen. Her rendering of the part of Hamlet provoked a critic to declare that no man could have bettered it, because, as he put it in words which are indeed a fit epitaph, "she so frequently broke out in fresh places."

The sting of the "Wicked Wasp of Twickenham" in the 'Dunciad' was enough to bring forth more than one reply from Cibber. They are not very good. The most dignified and effective passage seems to be this one, from the first reply:

You, like outrageous Nero, are for whipping and branding every poor Duncie in your Dominions that had the stupid insolence not to like you, or your Musick. . . . What have you gained by it? a mighty matter! A victory over a parcel of poor Wretches that were not able to hurt or resist you, so weak it was almost Cowardice to conquer them; or, if they actually *did* hurt you, how much weaker have you shown yourself in so openly owning it? . . . And to that public spirited Pretence of your only chastising them *in terrorem* to others of the same malicious Disposition, I doubt is but too thin a Disguise of the many restless hours they have given you. If your Revenge upon them was necessary we must own you have amply enjoyed it. But to make that Revenge the chief Motive of writing your Dunciad, seems to me a weakness that an Author of your Abilities should rather have chosen to conceal.

Near the end of her interesting and amusing book Miss Senior suggests that the protagonists were not sincerely quarrelling at all but only seeking publicity. This seems doubtful. But at least she has shown that Colley Cibber was not the Dull Fellow that Pope made of him. It should be added that Cibber's play, 'The Careless Husband,' is reprinted from the edition of 1705 in an appendix to the book.

## M. POINCARÉ'S MEMOIRS

*The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré*, Vol. II.  
Translated and adapted by Sir George  
Arthur. Heinemann. 21s.

M. POINCARÉ must surely prove to be almost the last of the prominent statesmen of 1914 to publish his memoirs in English. Still, it would be rash to prophesy, and the process of revelation may easily continue if with abated force. For this last volume gives signs that the first wave has nearly spent itself, and we may have some time to wait for the ultimate secrets. It was an old historical maxim that no secret in history lasts more than twenty-seven years, and on this hypothesis half a generation has still to run, while those skilled in the art of detection may feel that there is still something to come. A consensus of instructed opinion may be forming on the main outlines, but as long as the purely historical spirit is affected by consideration of present politics, controversy will continue.

These memoirs, as they appear in English, have defects in addition to those belonging to the statement of a case. Sir George Arthur has adapted, as well as translated, the original; two volumes are compressed into one, passages dealing with French politics or purely personal matters have been suppressed or summarized. And the literal translation of the historic present occasionally makes understanding difficult and reading less agreeable than would be the case if a less literal version had been given. It is not always quite certain whether the present tense is historic or not, and whether we are reading an account of an immediate impression or one modified by subsequent reflection. The blending of the present and past tenses with references to post-war publications does not facilitate the reader's attention.

The period dealt with is from January, 1913, to August, 1914, and rather more than half the volume is taken up with the events of the last six weeks. In the earlier part there is an interesting chapter on the "Press Subventions." M. Poincaré denies that he encouraged the spending of Russian money in attempts to influence the French Press. He says that his advice was to the contrary. But he appears to have ultimately acquiesced in the plan:

Knowing that these funds had already been allotted, I said that nothing justified immediate expenditure, and that nothing should be done even later without the knowledge of the

French Government, and only under the supervision of its agents.

In the chapter dealing with the last days before the outbreak of war there is printed a telegram dated August 2, from the French Ambassador in London, which is interesting:

Extraordinary efforts are being made by business men to prevent the Government from going to war with Germany. The leading financiers in the City, the Directors of the Bank of England, more or less influenced by bankers of German origin, are pursuing a very dangerous campaign, and Sir Edward tells me that the industrial magnates in the North are on the same tack. One must hope that these commercial considerations will not cause the British Government to forget either their own political traditions or the general interests of England for the future.

The memoirs of the President of the French Republic in 1914 are, of course, of definite importance, but as the study of the period chiefly dealt with becomes increasingly refined, a more and more minute account has to be taken of the situation in half a dozen capitals at a given moment for their precise significance to be exactly appreciated. A Canadian writer, for example, has tried to ascertain the exact minute at which every telegram was despatched. But without such refinement it is possible to observe that, as we might expect, some things are left out, and that a case is being argued. It is possible for public interest in this country to be stifled by the very extent of the material available, of which this latest addition in English is not the least. The desirability that study should be impartial is not lessened, and the need of disinterested surveys of the whole evidence from time to time is increased. No survey will omit this book, which has a distinct, if not very great, importance.

### NATHAN THE WISE-CRACKER

*Art of the Night.* By George Jean Nathan.  
Knopf. 8s. 6d.

MR. NATHAN begins his volume of theatrical opinion with 'Advice to a Young Critic.' Paragraph number thirteen of this instruction begins: "Since you are an American, write like an American. Do not try to become a member of the Charles Lamb's Club, and ape the so-called literary manner of the English critical essayists." That, no doubt, is wise counsel for the young American who is going into action with a typewriter. On the other hand, if writing like an American means apeing Mr. Nathan, we cannot help feeling that even Lamb might be a better model. For Mr. Nathan's idea of being bright is about as gay as a pair of lace curtains which have been hanging in a lodging-house since 1880. One is thus precise about the date because American journalism has now caught up with the appalling cumbrousness achieved in the lower altitudes of Fleet Street some forty years ago. The great idea of bright journalism then was the far-flung synonym. This type of journalese is now considered modish by the Smart Alicks and "Wise-crack" men of American criticism. Thus when Mr. Nathan wishes to say that opinion has changed since the death of Mr. Comstock, he puts it thus entertainingly: "The moral order has turned something of a cart-wheel since Comstock became a subject of interest for the worms."

We take leave, therefore, to suggest that one who thus paraphrases mortality with the sniggering facetiousness of the lower school-room is neither the best guide to style in criticism nor a considerable arbiter of taste in that which is criticized. We make this suggestion with the full knowledge that Mr. Nathan is deeply concerned about the villainy of English criticism and the anti-American views which rage through our land. We are well aware that whatever we may say about the fastidiousness of Mr. Nathan's prose will be used as evidence against us. If Mr. Nathan, in his fury, can cite Mr. Arnold Bennett as

a ringleader of the anti-American plot, when it is common knowledge that Mr. Bennett has been consistently and cogently dragging the English reader to the American shelf of the book store, it is plain that no language can be too bad for us who do positively suggest that Mr. Nathan's observations on the theatre, which are often shrewd in their content, are spoiled by the mechanical pertness of his style. Mr. Nathan's mind is not a dull one; he can see through a fraud and put Pirandello on his correct shelf and the Expressionists in the correct corner. Yet to an alert judgment he brings a dreadful form of humour, and just when he seems most likely to be wise his critique fizzles off into a series of "wise-cracks." If his intention is merely to be unlike Charles Lamb, we can agree that he succeeds. But that ambition is scarcely a hard one to achieve.

### A GOOD JOHNSONIAN

*Aspects of Doctor Johnson.* By E. S. Roscoe.  
Cambridge University Press. 6s.

"FAME," wrote Tacitus, "sometimes chooses the right men." It certainly did with Johnson, who since Raleigh pointed out that he was no mere funny old man, but one of the greatest, has gathered an increasing band of devotees. To-day we hear of a Johnson Society of London as well as the Johnson Club. There should then be a good public for Mr. Roscoe's studies, which show an admirable understanding of the sedentary sage in his merits and defects. Some, however, of the figures he chooses for comparison are so widely different that only obvious contrasts emerge. No one, for instance, could be more unlike Johnson than the free-thinking and frankly



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sensual Anatole France. Both, it is true, became dictators in talk, but all men would be, if they got the chance. Selden, except for the fact that his 'Table-Talk' has come down to us, has little resemblance to Johnson, who was neither a learned antiquary nor a professional politician. Johnson and Goldsmith, the Englishman and the Irishman—with so much typical of each race—occur to us as a much better theme for comparison, but we suppose somebody has done it already. The paper on 'Windham and Johnson' is new, we think, in dwelling on the connexion and to the point since it illustrates one of his marked characteristics, his fondness for the fine gentleman, whom he was always slow to rebuke.

At the outset Mr. Roscoe wins our goodwill by declaring that Johnson was "pre-eminently a teacher, to use his own words, of the art of living." His reserve, too, and his religion, on which we find a good paper, are both those of John Bull, who hates fuss and big words and has no taste for metaphysics. But Johnson got beyond the average Englishman in his way of making friends. He knew not only the great of his age, but also Bet Flint, who was very much worse than she should have been.

Deficiencies, partly due to the limited thought of the age, are indicated in the views of 'Johnson in the Country,' but we protest against the use of the word "intelligent." It has a great run in the Press to-day, but is more properly applied to elephants than to men. Johnson was of his time in his restricted enjoyment of scenery, as Shakespeare was in his indifference to architecture. To inspect the manners of men and cities was the sage's business; the glen, "sufficiently verdant," left him cold. We think Mr. Roscoe will like the parallel with Socrates, who told Phaedrus that "trees and places had nothing to teach him, and men in the city had."

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Mandrake over the Water-Carrier.* By Edward Sackville-West. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*The Cause of the Crime.* By Leonhard Frank. Davies. 6s.

*The Other Gate.* By Vere Hutchinson. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

*The Instrument of Destiny.* By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d.

MR. EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST is one of the most interesting of the younger novelists. His work continues to hang perilously between sense and nonsense, nor does the reading of 'Mandrake over the Water-Carrier' tell us in which direction it will ultimately incline. He is a most serious writer; one does not for a moment suspect him of pose or affectation. One is therefore left wondering what value there may be in his interpretation of life—an interpretation that differs enormously from anything that one is accustomed to find between the covers of a contemporary novel. Originality is a sign of genius; but, generally speaking, when the forms in which originality clothes itself have been all cleared away, there remains only a tiny residue, the slenderest margin of individual achievement not attained or foreshadowed by other writers. When a novelist's apparent originality is such that it seems to add an entire province to the map of what is already known of human nature, naturally it is suspect.

Perhaps the chief characteristic of Mr. Sackville-West's work is strangeness. He seems to see objects as persons and persons as objects; the two categories meet and mingle in his mind, and the associations and emotions proper to each are transferred and com-

municated in an arbitrary and bewildering fashion. And to this peculiarity of thought-process is added, in 'Mandrake over the Water-Carrier,' an elaborate symbolism, expressed by the machinery of mandrakes, witches, visions and the Signs of the Zodiac—a symbolism which clearly has for the author its correspondence and counterpart in the life of the hero, Godfrey; but for us the connexion between the symbol and the thing symbolized is not always apparent.

Therefore, although in detail the book has extraordinary vividness, its general issue remains obscure; it is a long and interesting riddle, to which the author has given clues but no key. It would be pleasant to suppose that its total effect illuminates general truth in the same way that its particular effects unquestionably illustrate particular truths; but one feels no conviction or assurance of this. We are shown a group of people living upon a certain Channel Island: quite ordinary people they seem to be, whose fads and foibles and small weaknesses Mr. Sackville-West describes with satire and gusto and humour. His eye seizes upon their every peculiarity of gesture and mannerism, and records it perfectly, so that we are acutely aware of their physical presence. But when he describes their relationships he seems, as often as not, to be talking in a foreign language; for though his account abates nothing of its precision, the emotions he describes are so strange in their operation one cannot even tell whether they are obeying the laws he has made for them. The two or three relationships that are comprehensible, Godfrey's affection for his father, Thea's passion for the boxer Tamerlane, only throw into greater obscurity the others. Except by the difficult way of symbolism there seems to be no liaison in Mr. Sackville-West's mind between the abstract and the concrete: his mind is like an instrument without a middle register, a nation without a middle-class.



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That it has not yet discovered or tested all its own qualities is proved by the appearance in 'Mandrake over the Water-Carrier,' of an excellent sense of humour. Many of the incidents are most laughable. But when we read this:

A tearful maid rushed up to Véronique Thune and pulled at her sleeve, crying: "Miss Véronique! Miss Véronique! Your mother's been saved."

"Thank you—much obliged," said Véronique drily—

all one's misgivings as to whether Mr. Sackville-West will be able to adjust his private vision to the facts of ordinary life reassert themselves. I make no apology for this public exhibition of solicitude; Mr. Sackville-West's work, though sometimes absurd, is never cheap, nearly always interesting, often profound, and sometimes extremely beautiful:

Godfrey left the window and returned to his mother's side. All his irritability had left him and he regretted his harshness bitterly. And when he saw her rubbing the back of one hand forlornly, as a soul cruelly injured; when he saw her face, all the sadder for lack of tears; when he saw the pathetic and submissive droop of her head and shoulders yielded up humbly, as if to the justice of his anger: then he was instantly and entirely overwhelmed by pity.

How simple and how moving. Surely Mr. Sackville-West must have a future as a novelist.

'The Cause of the Crime' is a study of a murder, a murderer, and a murder-trial. The protagonist, a poet and a very sensitive young man, strangles his former schoolmaster who had once, on a day's outing, exposed him to humiliation before the rest of the school. He had had a hard life and a severe bringing up: the wrongs of the past accumulated in him, festered, and discharged themselves in murder. Naturally, at the trial, the obvious facts of the case are insisted upon and the prisoner's private history either misunderstood or not taken into account. Herr Leonhard Frank writes powerfully and has a considerable sense of irony: but the story is like an exercise on a theme; it never really comes to life, except at the end. The parting between the murderer and his mother is affecting, and the execution is terrible, but on the whole the book suffers, as do all novels written round an idea, from lack of the sense of growth. The thesis is so plain at the beginning that the accumulated proofs and illustrations of it only weaken its effect on the imagination, while they cannot bring further conviction to the mind. The unremitting violence, too, is exhausting:

Calling up all his strength, bracing all his muscles, he forced himself to eat the cauliflower soup.

A kindred, though slighter, exertion is demanded of the reader of 'The Cause of the Crime.'

The title-story of Miss Vere Hutchinson's collection, 'The Other Gate,' is excellent, a first-rate piece of work. It welcomes those weapons of the novelist's art, melodrama, coincidence and improbability, which are now too heavy and too double-edged for most writers to hold, and wields them in masterly fashion. One never finds Miss Hutchinson prompting her characters; she lets them speak with their own voices. Indeed, her power of delineating character through conversation is remarkable: she seems to understand thoroughly many diverse idioms of speech. There is also a refreshing candour and boldness about her method; she writes in clear, heavy strokes, and does not blur her effects. After 'The Other Gate,' the remaining stories are decidedly less impressive; they are readable and ingenious, but they are not so distinguished. How could a writer of Miss Hutchinson's calibre demean herself to using the word "thusly"? The suspicion that she is not taking us or herself quite seriously occurs more than once.

'The Instrument of Destiny' is Mr. Beresford's first detective story, and it might well arouse jealousy in more practised exponents of this particular art. It is indeed a triumph to have collected in one house

half a dozen people who all have the strongest motives for desiring the death of their host and employer, who has never done them harm. Also the method of narration, with its eleventh-hour introduction of the unconventional detective, is very happy; and Mr. Beresford's style, exact, unhurried, always as it were on oath, is admirably suited to a detective story. I was a little disappointed in the solution itself: reading about crime engenders a bloodthirstiness which cannot vent itself properly on— But I have said enough.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Lord Reading.** By C. J. C. Street. Bles. 10s. 6d.

FEW living men have had a more variegated career than Lord Reading. The son of a City merchant, he broke away from the thrall of school at an early age and set sail for India, the country to which he was afterwards to return as Viceroy. His education was completed at Brussels and Hanover, and for a brief time he was a member of the Stock Exchange. Here his experiences were unfortunate, and he turned to the Bar. His success as a barrister was due in part to his deadly suavity of manner, but even more to his capacity for hard work. "He made a rule," writes Mr. Street, "from which he hardly ever deviated until he was raised to the Bench in 1912, and probably not even then. He went to bed every night at nine, so that he might get up at four, and break the back of the day's work before breakfast." His industry was quickly crowned with success, and the young barrister passed from triumph to triumph. When, after six months as Solicitor-General, he was appointed to the Attorney-Generalship, he was given at the same time a place in the Cabinet—an event which had no parallel for a hundred years. Mr. Street summarizes the activities of Lord Reading at the Bar, in the House of Commons, as Lord Chief Justice and as Viceroy of India, and devotes a special chapter to the Marconi case.

**Chinese Ghosts and Goblins.** By G. Willoughby-Meade. Constable. 24s.

"ALL ghost stories and all men have much in common," says Mr. Willoughby-Meade, and he seems to make that his text, insisting that the similarity of ghosts all over the world is but another proof of mankind's "fundamental unity of conception and similarity of outlook." Chinese ghosts are certainly very much like ours—though more ornate and exuberant, less subtle, and therefore, to us, less terrifying. But it is in modern Chinese spiritualism that we get the most startling resemblances. It is practised chiefly by well-to-do women in the big towns. They sit in circles in the dark, holding hands, and waiting for a well-paid Chinese medium to go into a trance. They have "planchettes" and automatic writing—though Kensington would certainly disapprove of the frank confession of their most successful automatic writer that he could only do it when he was drunk! They go in strongly for thought-reading and telepathy, and their experiments in these fields are almost exactly like ours. This part of Mr. Willoughby-Meade's book holds nothing new. But some of his older ghost stories are quite off the beaten track—for instance, the story (too long to tell here) of the company of strolling players who were bewitched; or the description of that terrible claw which was suddenly thrust up from a quiet pool in the forest and grew bigger and bigger till it darkened the sky. These, however, are exceptions. As a rule, the stories run on much the same lines and there is a good deal of repetition, as was, indeed, inevitable in so large a collection as this.

**A Saga of the Sword.** By F. Britten Austin. Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.

MR. BRITTEN AUSTIN'S ambitious project is to trace the development of warfare, in a series of imaginative sketches, from the Palaeolithic age to the Battle of the Somme. The method he has adopted is to take a decisive battle, invest his story with fictional characters, and let them make their own comments and tell their tale in their own fashion. In many ways his first chapter—'War Comes to the World'—in which he relies most on his imagination, is his best. Yet it must be said that from this beginning to the end of the book there is evidence that Mr. Austin has been at great pains to ensure the accuracy of his detail. This scrupulous obedience to his conscience as an historian has had the effect of making his narrative seem, at times, overloaded—but there is recompense in every chapter to those who will read patiently.

As each step in his book marks some drastic change in military method and the weapons of war it is natural that Mr. Austin should have chosen as the subject of his concluding story that battle of September 14-15, 1916, when the tanks were first launched against the Germans. But he surely risks an overstatement in his last sentence: "From that day will date the decline and eventual disappearance of infantry and cavalry and all field artillery that cannot fire as it moves."



## MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

THE victory won by the Bentley car in the twenty-four hours annual International endurance contest over the eleven mile open Sarthe circuit, near Le Mans, was not only a victory for speed but also for trustworthiness. Accessories on a car play a large part, and it is interesting to know that these were all British, the Smith lighting sets, Young's accumulators, the Tecalest lubrication systems and the K.L.G. plugs.

Sparkling plugs in early motoring days were frequently a *bête noire*—they used to blow out, the packing would become loose, inside shorts would occur, and sometimes, when the engine stopped, on examining the plugs one would find the electrode had turned round or wandered over to the opposite side of the earthing point. K.L.G. plugs were first made in the early days of the war. It was found that the blast of the explosion in planes, when running for any length of time with the engine all out, completely burnt up the plugs' points. Mr. K. L. Guinness, the expert racing motorist in those days, was asked to design a plug that would stand up to such strenuous work, hence K.L.G. plugs which airmen swore by and which have remained famous ever since.

By the victory of the Bentley over all comers, and that of the Austin Seven in class H, it can be asserted that whatever class or size of car is spoken of our manufacturers can more than hold their own and

produce a vehicle second to none in the world. The Prince of Wales has expressed a wish that all the cars used when he tours Africa with the Duke of Gloucester in the Autumn, shall be British. The party will be about a dozen in number with, at the most, five cars for both personnel and luggage. The Princes will leave England by boat in the first week of September for Mombasa. The cars will meet them there on arrival and take them immediately up country through Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda.

I hear from Mr. H. Kerr Thomas, Managing Director of Bean Cars, Ltd., that in future all the 14/15 h.p. "Hadfield" models will be "Safety" models, for the standard equipment will include Triplex glass for all models and Dewandre-Servo brakes for all but the 5-seater tourer. This latter model has now been reduced from £325 to £295. The price of the 5-seater safety saloon remains at £395 with, however, the following additional equipment: Triplex safety glass, Dewandre-Servo brakes, Mehelled head-lamps, blinds to each rear window, parcel net, lady's companion set, cigar lighter and ash tray. The 6-seater fabric saloon with the same additional safety equipment is also listed at £395. The former "saloon de luxe" is superseded by the new safety saloon.

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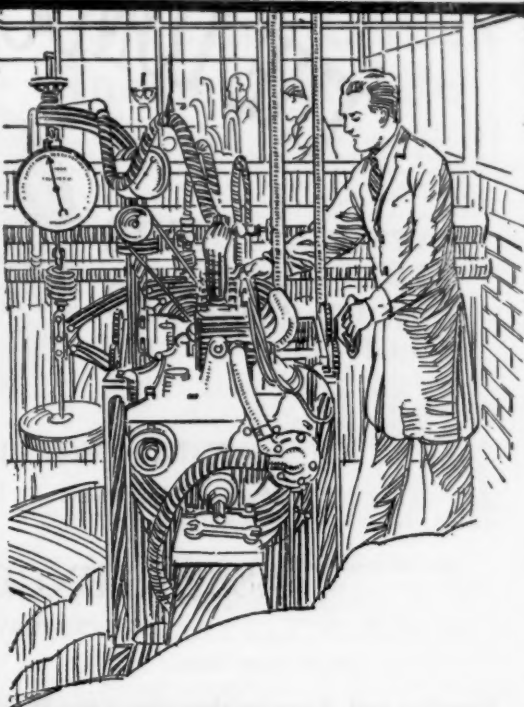
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## INSURANCE

### GROUP ASSURANCE AND SOME USEFUL POLICIES

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

THE incursion of the Metropolitan Life of New York into the British insurance field during the present year with the avowed intention of developing group life assurance caused a flutter. In some quarters the issue of group life policies was written about as if they were some new thing which, of course, they are not. Several well-known British offices have been writing "group" business for years and one, at least, has extended the application of the principle in other directions.

But it cannot seriously be said that the business has made much headway in this country and, in fact, its working is very little understood. In America, however, the business has made vast strides and the total amount of cover in force is somewhere in the region of £1,000,000,000. This is largely because American employers have been quick to seize on group insurance as an effective and inexpensive welfare scheme.

Let me outline the scheme in its simple form. It means that an employer arranges for the assurance of his employees *en bloc*. This is done in two ways. The employer either provides the entire necessary premium or institutes a contributory scheme under which employees contribute part by means of a deduction from wages.

The cost varies slightly according to the number of employees and their average ages, but it may be taken that they could be covered for the amount

of a year's wages per head for an approximate premium of 1 per cent. to 1½ per cent. of the wages roll. This means that a firm paying, say, £25,000 per annum in wages could cover its staff for approximately £250 to £325 per annum. This is a sum which many such firms probably exceed each year in disbursements such as Christmas boxes or other bonuses to staff, or by allocating sums to provide a staff benevolent fund. Much more substantial benefits could, however, be secured by means of a group policy.

The great point is that the bulk premium becomes comparatively light *per capita* and affords each employee a much larger amount of assurance cover than could possibly be obtained by means of an individual contract. For instance, where it may be decided to limit the assurance to £100 at death for each employee the cost would probably work out at about £1 per head per annum. Policies are, however, issued in various ways, and instead of a fixed sum at death a sum which varies with length of service and increases annually can be arranged, or one for a sum based on a full year's average earnings. There are other variants and extensions, but the contract with the assurance company may either be renewed annually or made for a fixed term of years, and the employers' contribution can be included when making income tax returns.

The scheme has proved of real value in bringing about improved relations between employers and employed and in making for greater stability and efficiency among the staff. It also attracts and holds a better class of employee who, having secured a valuable benefit for his dependants, is naturally not desirous to forfeit it. The employer, on his side, in addition to establishing a bond of loyalty, is protected from any calls upon him for charitable relief in the event of the death of

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### CUT THIS OUT

G. T. VARNEY (MANAGER),  
CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA,  
BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2

What Income can I purchase by investing £.....now?

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Date of Birth ..... S.R.

employees, while the experience of American employers as a body has been that a group scheme results in more willing workers and a general increase of output.

Such, in rough outline, is the scheme. It should not, however, be confused with another system of staff assurance which has been most successfully developed among a large number of private and public employers in this country by the Provident Mutual Life Association, and may appeal to many to whom a group scheme does not. In this case the weekly wage-earners and other employees are enabled to effect life policies at annual premium rates with the office on exactly the same terms as its ordinary policy-holders. The co-operation of the employer, however, is secured to collect the premiums from wages in the same way as National Insurance contributions and to account for them at fixed intervals.

Since I last wrote of the advantages of life policies payable by monthly instalments, a number of other well-known offices has adopted the scheme. Among them is one of the very oldest—the London Assurance. Under the scheme of this office the monthly minimum is £1 and policies are issued both with and without profits. Policies participate in profits in exactly the same way as policies by annual premium, as each monthly instalment paid secures one-twelfth of a year's bonus. There is a good range of tables to select from. At age thirty each £1 monthly payable throughout life would secure £653 at death without profits, or £524 if the premiums were limited to twenty-five years in all. The amount of endowment assurance for the same premium at the same age is £290 without profits and £235 with profits.

A second office to adopt the monthly scheme is the United Kingdom Provident Institution, which will accept premiums from 5s. per month upwards

for whole life and endowment assurances, with and without profits, and also for children's optional policies. This latter policy affords some very useful options. For instance, a policy for £1 monthly taken out at birth would secure a cash sum of £229 for a child at age of 16 or four annual cash payments of £60 4s., with seven further options.

The British Equitable is another office which has adopted monthly instalments and all policies by monthly payment are identical with those issued at annual premiums, nothing extra being charged for the accommodation, while with-profit policies rank for bonus exactly as if they were by annual premium. This office, by the way makes a feature of life assurance without medical examination for women.

Among the chief considerations for the business or family man when effecting a life assurance contract are that it shall have clearness and definiteness, and also flexibility of use. From these points of view the policies which are issued by the Standard Life Office under its "Security System" merit careful consideration. To begin with, the definite surrender values, loan values and paid-up policy values are guaranteed. Again, the office will make an advance from the surrender value to assist in paying a premium, and where four or more years' premiums have been paid it will, in cases of default, maintain the policy in force for thirteen months. It also affords five very useful optional methods by which the payment of the policy moneys may be taken in lieu of the sum assured being received in a lump sum when due, and will, for a very small extra, waive the payment of premiums in the case of total and permanent disablement, or pay, in such an event, annually in advance an immediate income equal to one-tenth the sum assured until ten payments have been made.

Very frequently I am asked for information as to

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 INSURANCE CO., LTD.  
 FOR ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE

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# RECORD BONUS DECLARATION

WHOLE LIFE POLICIES **45/-**% AND **50/-**% PER ANNUM

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES **40/-**% PER ANNUM

NO SHAREHOLDERS—

ALL THE PROFITS TO THE POLICYHOLDERS

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

## Provident Mutual Life Assurance Association

ESTABLISHED 1840

25-31 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

TELEPHONE  
LONDON WALL 6620 (3 Lines)

C. R. V. COUTTS,  
MANAGER & ACTUARY

## THE LONDON & MANCHESTER ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

is making striking progress in its

### Ordinary Life Assurance Dept.

The Profits distributed among its participating policy holders were represented by Reversionary Bonuses at £2 2s. 0d. per cent. on the sums assured in respect of the year ending 24th March, 1928.

The Company's assets are valued on a low, and its liabilities on a high, basis.

*The Company was Established in 1869 and  
Transacts Life, Fire, and General Business*

**Total Funds Exceed: EIGHT MILLION POUNDS**

how an immediate advance may be obtained for the purchase of a residence by means of life assurance. One of the most popular schemes is that of the Britannic Assurance Company, which will make an immediate advance of four-fifths of the value of freehold property in connexion with an endowment policy. For example, say a man aged thirty next birthday wished to buy a house valued at £1,000. If he found £200, the company would advance the other £800, provided he effected a policy for that amount. Now, an endowment, with profits, for £800 payable at the end of twenty years would cost £40 18s. 8d. per annum, reduced by income tax rebate to £36 16s. 10d. Interest on the loan would amount to £44 yearly, so that the total net annual cost would be £80 16s. 10d., which may well be less than rent for a similar house. At the end of twenty years his policy would amount, at the present rate of bonus, to £1,136. It would then automatically extinguish the mortgage of £800, and the policy-holder would receive the title deeds to the property, plus £336 in cash. It must not be overlooked that the policy has covered his life during the whole period, and that if he had died at any time the property would have been handed over, free of any further payment, to his dependants.

I should like to say a few words in praise of an ingenious leaflet issued by the Scottish Provident. It points out that under the new income-tax regulations the man earning £400 a year with two children, or the man earning £460 with three children, will not now pay any tax. This means a saving of £4 14s. and £7 a year respectively, while the £1,000 a year man with three children gets a reduction of £14 a year. The suggestion is that, as the children secure this rebate, the saving should be invested for their benefit in either a deferred endowment, an educational policy, or a child's option policy, and the suggestion is very sound.

There was no surprise in insurance circles when the rates for the covering of small cars were raised at the

beginning of March this year. In fact, it was a necessary step which was overdue, and the owners of small cars were themselves to blame, as the claims made by them, both in number and amount, had been steadily on the increase. They arose from the favourite practice of cutting in, speed bursts and other road antics, which the small car-owner of a certain class loves to indulge in.

The increases made were in respect of 8 and 9 h.p. cars and were as under:

Car value	8 h.p.		9 h.p.	
	Old rate	New rate	Old rate	New rate
£200 ...	8 19 6	11 5 0	9 17 0	13 2 6
£250 ...	9 2 0	11 7 6	9 19 6	12 5 0
£300 ...	9 11 3	11 15 0	10 2 0	12 7 6
£350 ...	9 17 0	12 2 6	10 4 6	12 10 0
£400 ...	10 2 6	12 10 0	10 10 0	12 17 6

These increases are sufficient in amount to concern very many small car-owners who are themselves careful drivers and who are thus paying for the faults of others. Obviously there is a difference in risk between, say, a country practitioner driving quietly round to his patients, and other classes of small country car-owners, and the slap-bang type of town motorist who indulges in a week-end tear along a crowded arterial road.

The matter is met to some extent by allowing a no-claims bonus off future premiums to careful drivers. One or two offices have gone further to meet the country driver, however. For instance, Premier Motor Policies, Ltd., an organization entirely devoted to car insurance, charges only the old rate of premium in all approved cases where the car is garaged outside a ten-mile radius of towns with a population under 250,000. In addition to this concession, it grants an accumulative no-claims bonus which rises to a total rebate of twenty per cent. off the premium in three years. The careful driver is, therefore, assured of a fairly substantial total saving.

## Special Concession to Small Car Owners

Very many owners of small cars have been much exercised in mind over the increased rates for insurance which came into force this year.

Our own conclusion in the matter is that it is hardly fair to penalise the owners of small private cars in country districts to the same extent as drivers in crowded areas.

Therefore we have decided that, in the case of approved 8 or 9 h.p. private car risks

### No Extra Premium will be Charged

where cars are garaged outside a ten-mile radius of towns with a population not exceeding 250,000.

But apart from this concession, whether your car is large or small, used for private or commercial purposes, it will pay you to effect a "PREMIER" policy.

Our policies are best for every motor need

because we are specialists in motor insurance, and motor insurance only. Our contracts are thoroughly comprehensive and carry a No-Claims Bonus rising to 20 per cent. And when claims do arise we possess a highly organised claims service to deal promptly with them. Write to-day for details, using form below if desired.

LEEDS:  
23, Park Row.

EDINBURGH:  
15, Stafford Street.

SOUTHAMPTON:  
43, Bellevue Rd.

NEWCASTLE:  
Groat House,  
Collingwood  
Street.

MANCHESTER:  
348, Corn  
Exchange,  
Hanging Ditch.

RUGBY:  
3, Albert Street.

BIRMINGHAM:  
County  
Chambers,  
Corporation St.

LEICESTER:  
1, Wellington  
Street.

LIVERPOOL:  
34, Castle Street.

**Premier**  
Motor Policies Ltd.

Motor Insurance Specialists,  
GLEBE HOUSE, SHERBORNE LANE,  
LONDON, E.C. 4

Telegrams:  
IPPREMOPOL,  
CANNON, LONDON.

Telephone:  
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To  
"PREMIER" MOTOR POLICIES  
Ltd.

Please send me details of your  
terms to small car owners. My  
present policy expires on  
1928.

Make.....

Value.....

H.P.....



## BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

*Established 1854*

Total assets of the British Equitable Assurance Company Limited and allied Companies exceed

**£17,000,000**

### LIFE

with or without medical examination.  
Premiums may be paid by monthly instalments

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Manager - - DOUGLAS A. COLEMAN.

## For Group Life Insurance

including Customers' Group Policies

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Special consideration is given to the circumstances of each case

*HEAD OFFICE:*

**1 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.2**

**Assets Exceed £20,000,000**

## "STANDARD" QUOTATIONS

"GREAT empires and little minds go ill together," said Burke in the greatest of his speeches. A close parallel is that great love and little provision go ill together.

Every man with a wife or family dependent on his earnings must realise that it is his duty to leave them enough to live on. Only an assurance policy can create an immediate capital.

There is no better policy than one effected under the "Security System" of the Standard, which gives maximum cover at minimum cost, together with many valuable guarantees and options.

Write to-day for "Security System" Prospectus "AE4."

**The STANDARD LIFE**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON ESTABLISHED 1825 DUBLIN  
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## TO EMPLOYERS —a word about Group Insurance

GROUP Insurance will give your employees insurance at wholesale rates.

¶ For about 1% of the annual wage bill all your employees can be insured for a full year's salary and other benefits. This takes the place of charitable disbursements or gratuities to widows and other dependants, and makes your liability constant and readily determined.

¶ The proved effect of Group Insurance has been to establish a new bond between an employer and his workers. It is a generous response to modern demands, and a copy of a new booklet showing the direct use of Group Insurance to every large employer will be posted on request.

**THE  
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE  
CO. LTD.**

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REPRESENTATIVES EVERYWHERE. P.P.113

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**N**OW that the Franc Stabilization Bill has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies the principal post-war currency problems can be considered as settled. The possible effect of the stabilization of the franc is giving rise to a certain amount of conjecture. It is known that there are very large French balances in this country; it is possible, with their home currency stabilized, that the lenders may withdraw all or part of these sums from the London money market. There are large foreign holders of French securities, and it is possible that these may now be sold in view of the fact that any further improvement in the franc is impossible. On the other hand, with the franc stabilized, French investments may be sought with greater confidence by foreigners. All these factors make for uncertainty, and we shall have to wait for a few months to ascertain the effect of the Franc Stabilization Bill. It will probably have little, if any, effect on the money market in this country and the only material result that is likely to ensue is that the movement of funds to and from France will be very much freer than for many years.

## FRENCH WAR BONDS

An agitation has been in progress for some time on behalf of British holders of French War Bonds British Issue 1915/1918, who claim that they are entitled to preferential treatment: they consider, as regards their holding of French War Loan, that the franc should be taken at its pre-war level. While sympathizing with them in their loss, I am afraid their efforts will prove futile. No French Government could—even if it wished to—differentiate between the home and the foreign borrower. Subscribers to the French War Loan subscribed partly out of loyalty to our ally, but mainly because they considered they were making a sound investment. It has turned out disastrously, but so have many other investments; and I can see no reason why these investors should expect to have their losses refunded. If, by an extraordinary sequence of circumstances, a big profit had been made out of the purchase of these Bonds, would there have been any question of refunding the money to the French Government?

## SHELLS

Shareholders in the Shell Transport and Trading Company must have been pleasantly surprised to learn from Lord Bearsted, at the annual meeting last Monday, that the company proposes to make a further issue of ordinary shares at 20s. *pro rata* to existing shareholders on the basis of one new share for every five old shares. This issue is being made next January and, assuming that Shells remain at the present price (which is in the neighbourhood of £5), the new issue will constitute a gratifying bonus. Shells at the moment are, in my opinion, one of the soundest investments on the London Stock Exchange. At £5, on the basis of the dividends declared during recent years, a yield of 5%, free of tax, is obtainable; in addition, there will be the bonus of the new issue above referred to. In these difficult days, when Stock

Exchange values are moving in an erratic manner, an investor who holds shares of this nature can feel quite satisfied that he has no cause for uneasiness.

## IMPERIAL TOBACCO

The set-back in speculative counters during the last few weeks has led to a fairly general marking down of prices, and in this movement shares of all classes have suffered. There appears to be no reason whatever why the shares of a concern such as the Imperial Tobacco Company should fall back in price; but the Stock Exchange, in a period of general liquidation, never discriminates. This set-back in Imperial Tobacco shares presents a unique opportunity for the permanent investor to acquire shares in this extremely sound concern. For the last eighteen months shareholders have been expecting a bonus distribution. The fact that it has not been declared has caused disappointment, but at the same time it has enhanced the value of the shares inasmuch as the cutting of the melon is still to come. In view of the fact that this bonus will probably be declared between now and the end of the year, the recent set-back should not be missed by those who have the necessary patience to buy a sound share and to await favourable developments.

## RECENIA R. SHAERF

The fourth annual report of Recenia R. Shaerf, Limited, has been issued and discloses the steady expansion of the business of the company—which is that of knitters, weavers and garment manufacturers. The directors, in their report, point out that the sales and the gross and net profits of the business show a considerable increase over any previous year's trading, and that the demand for the company's products has been maintained throughout the year and necessitated an expansion in the company's manufacturing capacity. The capital of the company consists of 100,000 7½% cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 2,500,000 ordinary shares of 1s. each. The directors propose to increase the capital by the creation of a further 500,000 ordinary shares of 1s. each, which will be issued at 5s. per share to the ordinary shareholders. The prospects of this concern seem very promising, and when this fresh issue is made, shareholders would be well advised to take up and retain their quota of new shares.

## DOLLAR BONDS

The recent general set-back in prices in America has spread to the American bond market, with the result that there is a large number of international bonds, which have been issued both in New York and in London, presenting an anomaly in price between the two centres: it is possible to sell the bonds in London and repurchase the dollar tranches in New York at a margin which constitutes a nice little bonus to stockholders. As prices vary from day to day, it is unwise to give definite examples in these notes. Recently, however, this margin has been most pronounced in the German Dawes Loan and the Greek Refugee Loans. Those who do not mind holding dollar bonds—and we are becoming so international in our dealings that the objection is now rarely encountered—should consult their stockbrokers as to the possibility of exchanging any of their holdings on the lines outlined above.

TAURUS

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE**  
**INSURANCE Co., Ltd.** Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,000  
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2    EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street



## Company Meetings

## LOBITOS OILFIELDS

The TWENTIETH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Lobitos Oilfields, Limited, was held on June 25 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Forbes, P.C., chairman of the company, presiding said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—Before proceeding with the business of the meeting I wish to refer to the sorrow we all feel at the loss by death of our friend and colleague Sir John Wimble. Sir John had been a director of the company from its formation in 1908 and was keenly interested in its development and prosperity. He was a congenial colleague, an able director, and had special knowledge of the shipping and insurance side of the company's affairs. Through his death the company has suffered a great loss.

I propose, with your approval, to take the report and accounts as read. Due to the transfer of our assets in Peru to a Peruvian company, "La Compania Petrolera Lobitos," our accounts are presented in a new form. The shares in that company are included in the investments. While the Peruvian company has its own independent organization, managers, and board, the parent company acts as its agents in Europe, and being interested by ownership of shares we naturally follow its doings with close attention and tender such advice and help as in the circumstances may be appropriate. I will, later on, touch upon the progress of the Peruvian company during the year. You will notice that our capital was increased early in 1927 by the issue of 400,000 new shares. The proceeds were in part applied to paying for the new steamer *El Aleto*, and in expenditure in Colombia, but mainly in subscribing for a new issue of shares of the Peruvian company to enable it to carry out developments, to which I shall shortly allude. Over £400,000 remains, which is meantime invested in British Government securities.

Taking the items on the left-hand side of the balance-sheet, bills payable and sundry creditors are ordinary current items of normal amount. Share premium account has been increased by £800,000 in respect of the issue made in the beginning of 1927. Tank steamers survey reserve speaks for itself. The reserve account stands at the increased figure of £650,000, owing to the addition made from 1926 profits.

Looking at the other side of the account, with regard to investments, the first item is mainly composed of investments in the Peruvian company, in Anglo-Ecuadorian Oilfields, and in the Tropical Oil Company. All of these are carried at safe figures as compared with to-day's values. With regard to tank steamers, the fleet now consists of five boats, which, even in these depressed times, are, we believe, worth more than the figure at which they stand in our books. The other items explain themselves. The income from the steamers I regard as satisfactory in view of the state of the freight market.

With regard to income-tax, you will note that from the profits of the year £70,000 has been appropriated to income-tax account, raising the amount to £120,000, which will fully cover any possible liabilities arising out of assessments in dispute. During the period of three-year average assessments your directors thought it wise to build up a taxation reserve account having in view the possibility of less prosperous years, so that they might not be called upon to make payment of a very large tax from the profits of a meagre year. That fund has amply fulfilled the purpose for which it was built up. The liability to income-tax for the current year will, of course, be small.

Since the close of the accounts we have exchanged our shares in the Tropical Oil Company for shares in the International Petroleum Company, which mainly controls the former.

Fortunately the Tropical Oil Company is not seriously affected by recent legislation. The sum of £109,000 spent on our own property in Colombia will, for the most part, have to be written off. I may add this will not necessarily fall on profit and loss account, as there is a considerable reserve in the price at which our other investments in Colombia and elsewhere stand.

With regard to the immediate future of the oil market, it is exceedingly difficult to express a reliable opinion. There have been some small advances in the price of Pennsylvania oil and of gasoline, but so far no advance from the lowest point has been made in the price of mid-Continent crude of 36 deg. gravity, which is the basis of most of our sales. For our last sales we have obtained a slightly increased premium, but the advance is too small to make a material difference. The fact is that the quantity of oil in store in the world is unduly large, and the quantity of potential production shut in has a depressing effect upon the market, so that, despite flickers of hope, there is as yet little if any real improvement in the position of the crude oil market. Of course, present unremunerative prices cannot last for ever. If our position is not good, certainly the position of many other producers must be worse. This has been the longest severe depression the industry has known. A change will undoubtedly come, but I would not venture to predict the date.

I have now to move the following resolutions:—"That the report and accounts for the year ended December 31, 1927, as submitted to this meeting, be and they are hereby received and adopted, and that a dividend of 10 per cent., less income-tax, be paid."

The resolution was carried unanimously.

## RECENIA R. SHAERF, LTD.

## INCREASED SALES AND PROFITS

The FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING of Recenia R. Shaerf, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, E.C.

Mr. Leo Shaerf (the chairman) said: During the period under review the business of the company has increased in a way which your board consider most satisfactory. The sales and the gross and net profits show a considerable increase over any previous year's trading. The goodwill value of your business never stood higher than it stands to-day, and, judging by the demand for our products, its value must increase considerably in the future. With a view to being able at once to conform to demands for any variation in fabrics, the design of your plant is such as to enable us to produce a range covering every marketable fabric in silk, wool, cotton and mixtures. Although we do not anticipate any drastic change in present conditions for some time to come, you may be assured that, if and when a change does take place, we shall be in a position to deal with the situation.

The authorized capital of the company has been increased during the year from £60,000 to £225,000, and you will appreciate that as this increase only took place during the latter half of the financial year, the company has not yet had the full benefit of the employment of such capital.

Owing to the increased demands for our products it became apparent to your directors in November last that either the new mill in Saxony would have to be enlarged or a mill purchased in this country. The latter course was decided upon, your directors feeling that it was desirable to have a mill in this country, with the result that the Bradford Mills were purchased, the actual completion taking place on January 31 last.

It is well known that the mills in Bradford are amongst the finest in the country. Production commenced in February, and it is hoped that capacity will be reached by the end of this year. In addition to fabrics, we are already making garments at Bradford, and that this department, when on full production, will surpass the output of the London factory.

Our sales are steadily increasing in the home as well as in the foreign markets, and we have many orders. As to the future of your company, I have every confidence. You are about to be asked to sanction an increase of capital by the creation of a further 500,000 Ordinary Shares at a premium of 4s per share.

The report was adopted, and the increase of capital was approved.

**Cool?**

-of course  
it's cool

**It's**  
**Waverley**  
**Mixture**

THAT SECRET BLEND OF RARE TOBACCOS

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 AN ENGLISH PROSODY ON INDUCTIVE LINES. By Sir George Young. Cambridge University Press. 15s.  
 A SELECTION FROM THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. (Thackeray.) Edited by W. H. Williams. Alston Rivers. 4s. 6d. (July 2.)  
 CHRIST AND SOCIETY. By Charles Gore. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD CIVIL SERVANT, 1846-1927. By Sir John Arrow Kempe. Murray. 12s.  
 SIX BRITISH SOLDIERS. By the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.  
 THE WAR IN THE AIR. Vol. II. By H. A. Jones. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 17s. 6d.  
 MARIE EBNER. By Eileen M. O'Connor. Palmer. 5s.  
 ANNALS OF NIAGARA. By William Kirby. Edited by Lorne Pierce. Macmillan. 17s.  
 ITALY'S ÆGEAN POSSESSIONS. By C. D. Booth and Isabelle Bridge Booth. Arrowsmith. 16s.

## SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS

- EMPIRE GOVERNMENT. By Manfred Nathan. Allen and Unwin. 10s.  
 HEALTH SERVICES AND THE PUBLIC. By Stella Churchill. Douglas. 7s. 6d.  
 THE THEORY OF THE COST-PRICE SYSTEM. By Arnold J. W. Keppel. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

## VERSE AND DRAMA

- GOODWILL. By Eden Phillpotts. Watts. 2s. 6d. (July 2.)  
 EPIGRAMS. By George Rostrevor Hamilton. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.  
 THREE COMEDIES: BELLAIRS; GOD'S AMATEUR; WILLS AND WAYS. By Halcott Glover. Routledge. 7s. 6d.  
 A FLYING SCROLL. By Stanley Snaith. The Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.

## SPORT AND TRAVEL

- A NEW HANDBOOK TO NORWAY. Ward, Lock. 5s.  
 THE OUTWARD BOUND LIBRARY: THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH. By Mary E. Fullerton; THE NEW ZEALANDERS. By Hector Bolitho. Dent. 5s. each.  
 THE CRISIS IN CRICKET AND THE "LEG BEFORE RULE." By the Hon. Robert Henry Lyttelton. Longmans. 3s. 6d.  
 LAWN TENNIS: SPIN AND SWERVE. By Col. C. de V. Duff. The Richards Press. 2s. 6d.  
 THE HANDY HOTEL GUIDE. The Hotel and General Advertising Company. 6d.

## TRANSLATIONS

- QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SOME FOREIGNERS. Edited by Victor Von Klarwill. Translated by Professor T. H. Nash. The Bodley Head. 18s.  
 THE UNRISEN DAWN. By Anatole France. Translated with an Introduction by J. Lewis May. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.  
 THE WAY OF SACRIFICE. By Fritz Von Unruh. Translated by C. A. Macartney. Knopf. 7s. 6d. (July 5.)  
 THE REDEMPTION OF TYCHO BRAHE. By Max Brod. Translated by Felix Warren Crosse. Knopf. 7s. 6d. (July 5.)

## MISCELLANEOUS

- PLATO'S THEORY OF ETHICS. By R. C. Lodge. Kegan Paul. 21s.  
 MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE POLESIANS. By Johannes C. Anderson. Harrap. 21s.

## FICTION

- THE TITAN. By Theodore Dreiser. Constable. 7s. 6d. (July 5.)  
 THE BEWILDERED LOVER. By Ward Muir. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.  
 JUDGMENT DAY. By Norman Davey. Constable. 7s. 6d. (July 5.)  
 CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. By Andrew Stewart. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.  
 TWICE TRIED. By William Le Queux. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.  
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2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 328

COCK OF THE WOODS AND OF THE STORMY WEATHER—  
 MAY WE NOT, FRIENDS, BE FITLY LINKED TOGETHER?

1. The horrors that I saw were by George Gordon sung.
2. Lively—less what we are when wedding-bells have rung.
3. Few dragons of the prime had longer necks than I.
4. This malady you dread? Exterminate the Fly!
5. His progress to the deil a skilful artist traced.
6. Your merchandise I bear safe through the sandy waste
7. In earnest or in sport contend with him you may.
8. Behead a monarch's sire whose asses went astray.
9. With this you may detect if you've been robbed of cream.
10. In Oriental lands my milk they much esteem.
11. The lias keeps his bones; in flesh we never knew him.
12. 'Twas here young David fought the Philistine and slew him.

## Solution to Acrostic No. 326

C ursin G<sup>1</sup> Jam, iii, 10.  
 O rland O<sup>2</sup> I.e. elf-king. "Goethe's celebrated poem  
 R edwin G<sup>3</sup> Der Erlkönig has rendered this malicious  
 Irid (osm) ium spirit universally known."  
 N igeri A<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Radcliffe's celebrated novel *The*  
 E rl-kin G<sup>5</sup> *Mysteries of Udolpho* was published in  
 U dolph O<sup>6</sup> 1794.  
 S easonin G

"Gog and Magog, those honest giants of  
 Guildhall . . . are really Corineus and  
 Gogmagog. The former, a companion of  
 Brutus the Trojan, killed, as the story  
 goes, Gogmagog, the aboriginal giant."  
 Cassell's *Old and New London*, i. 386.

ACROSTIC No. 326.—The winner is Mrs. Fardell, 16 Brechin Place, S.W.7, who has selected as her prize 'Saunterings in London,' by Leopold Wagner, published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed in our columns on June 16. Ten other competitors named this book, 14 chose 'Caricature,' 8 'Comfortless Memory,' 8 'The Stream of History,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Clam, Coque, Crayke, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Gay, H. C. M., John Lennie, Lilian, George W. Miller, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Margaret Owen, Peter, Quis, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Stucco, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armadale, E. Barrett, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Chip, Dhualt, E. K. P., E. W. Fox, Madge, J. F. Maxwell, H. de R. Morgan, Sensei, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bolo, Buns, Chafley, D. L., Glamis, Mrs. Politeyan, St. Ives. All others more.

D. L.—As I said "in two," instead of "in half," I should have accepted Scotchman; therefore I am crediting you with a correct solution of No. 324.

ACROSTIC No. 325.—Two Lights Wrong: Rikid.

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